

BELL'S EDITION.
 The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
 COMPLETE FROM
 CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



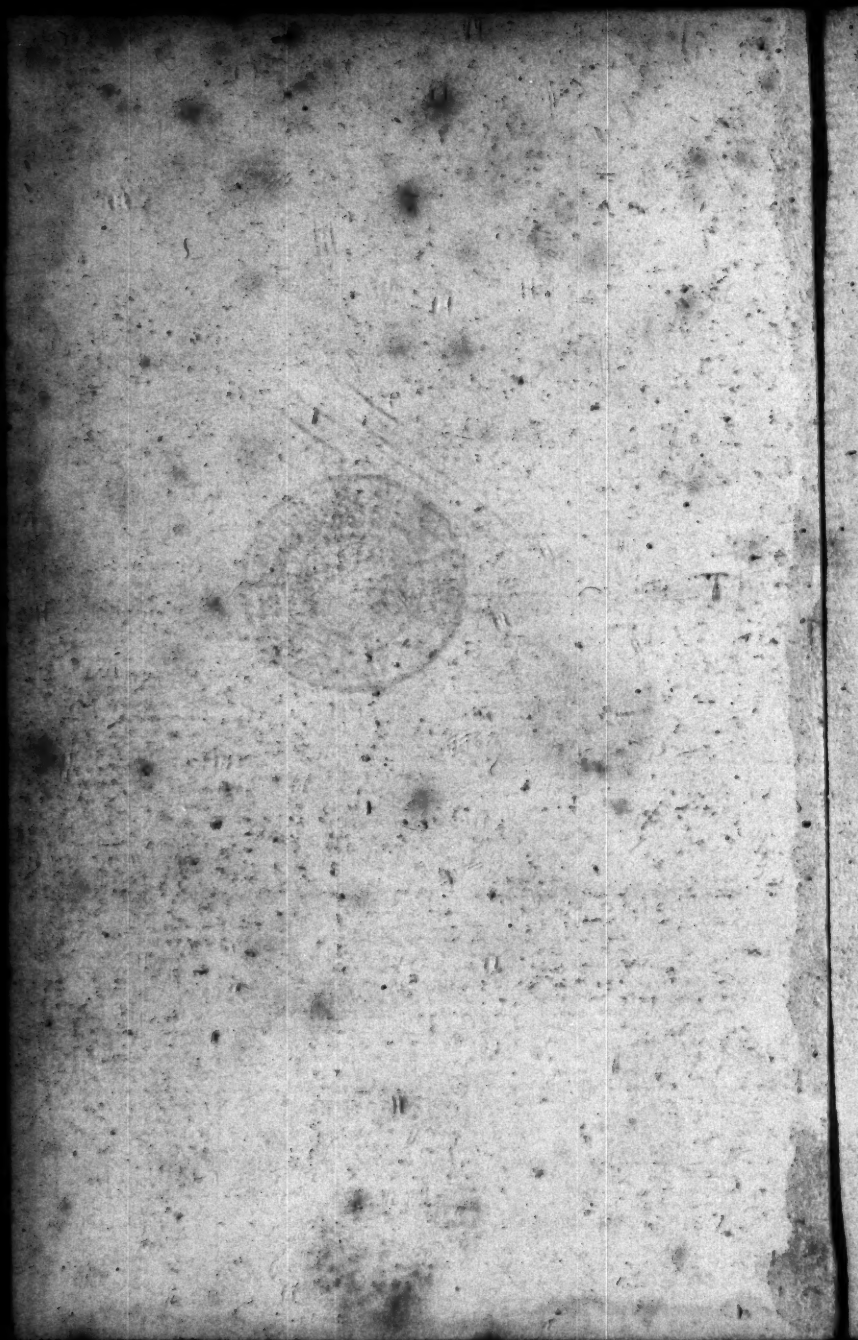
CHURCHILL. VOLUME II.

*Is this the land
 Where Nature lifting head, whilst Shakspeare play'd,
 And wonder'd at the work herself had made!*

Wm. Aug. Kneller del.

Del. J. S.

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Str and London, May 27th 1779.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHA. CHURCHILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Muse's office was by Heav'n design'd
To please, improve, instruct, reform, mankind;
To make dejected Virtue nobly rise
Above the tow'ring pitch of splendid Vice;
To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
And, trembling, crouch at Virtue's awful frown---
But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth---
Asham'd, she marks that passage with a blot,
And hates the line where candour was forgot.

APOLOGY.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHA. CHURCHILL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Muse's Office is in Henry's College;
To please, improve, instruct, to mend;
To make the low the high, the simple the
Above the low, the high the simple the
To make the low the high, the simple the
Above the low, the high the simple the
And, trembling, waits at Virtue's sacred shrine.
But if the Muse, too great to be
With such reflections, would the man of worth
Admire, the Muse's last request is this
And bid the line which follows be the last.

ATLANTA

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:

AT THE GROUND FLOOR, BY THE MARTIN.

1774.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHARLES CHURCHILL,

VOL. II,
CONTAINING HIS
GHOST. IN FOUR BOOKS.
AUTHOR.

Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heav'n, indulgent, grant that pray'r!)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams thro' the churchyard whilst his dinner's dress,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies;
Whilst (O what joy that pleasing flatt'ry gives!)
Reading my Works, he cries—Here Churchill lives!

CANDIDATE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHARLES CHURCHILL.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS
GHOST IN FOUR BOOKS.
AUTHOR.

Let one poor spirit of day surround my dead
 Elbow with I like, and I am one out when dead;
 I sit in easy Heaven, I want not pray'r;
 He stand on my grave, and weep for those
 And when on these bones I come, I shall find
 Rocks there, the churchyard will his name be there,
 Let it hold up this monument to his grave
 Like to the last copy of these Churchill lines
 Which to what joy that evening hour I give
 Reading my Works, he cries—these Churchill lines!
 CANDIDATE

EDINBURG:
 AT THE Bells in the MANTON,
 June 1773

Advertisement.

IT hath been thought not improper to prefix to this edition of *The Ghost* the following summary account of the proceedings in regard to some strange noises heard some time in the year 1762, at a house in Gock Lane, West Smithfield, London, which gave rise to the ensuing Poem.

Mr. Parsons, the officiating clerk of St. Sepulchre's, observing one morning, at early prayers, a genteel couple standing in the aisle, ordered them into a pew; and being afterwards thanked for his civility by the gentleman, who asked if he could inform him of a lodging in the neighbourhood, Parsons offered his own house, which was accepted of. Some time after, in the absence of the gentleman, who was in the country, Mr. Parsons' daughter, a child of eleven years of age, being taken by Miss Fanny (the name the gentlewoman went by) to her bed, Miss Fanny complained one morning to the family of both having been greatly disturbed by violent noises. Mrs. Parsons, at a loss to account for this, betthought herself of a neighbouring industrious shoemaker, whom they concluded to be the cause of the disturbance. Soon after, on a Sunday night, Miss Fanny, getting out of bed, called to Mrs. Parsons, "Pray, does your shoemaker work so hard on Sunday nights too?" to which being answered in the negative, Mrs. Parsons, &c. were desired to come into the chamber, and be themselves witnesses to the truth of the assertion. At this time several persons were invited to assist, and among the

Volume II. A

rest the late Rev. Mr. Linden, but he excused himself; and the gentleman and lady removing into the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, (where she soon after died) the noise discontinued at the house of Parsons from the time of their leaving it to the 1st of January 1763, or thereabouts, the space of above a year and a half; and then began the second visitation, as for distinction's sake we may venture to call it.

In this visitation, then, the child, upon certain knockings and scratchings, which seemed to proceed from beneath her bedstead, was sometimes thrown into violent fits and agitations; and a woman attendant, or the father, Mr. Parsons, put questions to the spirit or ghost, as it was supposed by the credulous to be, and they also dictated how many knocks should serve for an answer either in the affirmative or negative; and though these scratchings and knockings disturbed Fanny before her death, it was now supposed to be her spirit which thus harassed the poor family. In this manner of converse she charged one Mr. —, whose first wife was her sister, and with whom she afterwards lived in fornication, with having poisoned her, by putting arsenic into purl, and administering it to her when ill of the small-pox. Numbers of persons of fortune and character, and several clergymen, assisted at the vagaries of this invisible knocker and scratcher; and though no discovery could be made, by the several removals of the girl to other houses, where the noises still followed her, (the supposed ghost protesting she would follow her where-

ever she went) tho' wainscoats and floorings were torn away to facilitate a detection of any imposture to no purpose, yet the rational part of the Town could not be made to believe but that there was some fraud in the affair, considering the known faculty many people called Ventriloquists have had of uttering strange noises, and making them appear to come from any place they thought proper, without any visible motion of their lips; and this suspicion was confirmed by the attestations of the clergymen, and some gentlemen of the Faculty, who visited the deceased in her illness; and of some other persons of unquestionable credit, and the guilt of the imposture, in some measure, fixed upon the parents and their friends, by some facts contained in the following advertisement.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WE, whose names are under written, thought it proper, upon the approbation of the Lord Mayor, received on Saturday last in the afternoon, to see Mr. Parsons yesterday, and to ask him in respect of the time when his child should be brought to Clerkenwell. He replied in these words, "That he consented to the examination proposed, provided that some persons connected with the girl might be permitted to be there, to divert her in the day-time." This was refused, being contrary to the plan. He then mentioned a woman whom he affirmed to be unconnected, and not to have been with her. Upon being sent for, she came, and was a person well known to us, by having been

ADVERTISEMENT.

constantly with her, and very intimate with this Family, as she is called. Upon this be, Mr. Parsons, recommended an unexceptionable person, the daughter of a relation, who was a gentleman of fortune. After an inquiry into her character, he informed us that this unexceptionable person had disoblged her father, and was out at service. Upon this we answered, "Mr. Parsons, if you can procure any person or persons of strict character and reputation, who are housekeepers, such will be with pleasure admitted." Upon this he required a little time to seek for such a person. Instead of coming, as he promised, and we expected, one William Lloyd came by his direction, and said as follows.

"Mr. Parsons chuses first to consult with his friends, who are at present not in the way, before he gives a positive answer concerning the removal of his daughter to the Rev. Mr. Aldrich's."

(Signed) WILL. LLOYD. Brook-street, Holborn. Within three hours after we received another message from Mr. Parsons by the same hand, viz.

"If the Lord Mayor will give his approbation, the child shall be removed to the Rev. Mr. Aldrich's."

The plan before mentioned was thus set forth in the public papers: The girl was to be brought to the house of the said clergyman, without any person whatever that had, or was supposed to have, the least connexion with her. The father was to be there; not suffered to be in the room, but in a parlour; where there could be no sort of communica-

tion, attended by a proper person. A bed, without any furniture, was to be set in the middle of a large room, and the chairs to be placed round it. The persons to be present were some of the clergy, a physician, surgeon, apothecary, and a justice of the peace. The child was to be undressed, examined, and put to bed, by a lady of character and fortune. Gentlemen of established character, both clergy and laity, (amongst whom was a noble lord, who desired to attend) were to have been present at the examination. We have done, and still are ready to do, every thing in our power to detect an imposture, if any, of the most unhappy tendency both to the public and individuals.

STE. ALDRICH, Rector of St. John's, Clerkenwell.

JAMES PENN, Lecturer of St. Anne's, Aldersgate.

In pursuance of the above plan, many gentlemen, eminent for their rank and character, by the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich of Clerkenwell, assembled at his house the 31st of January, and next day appeared the following account of what passed upon the occasion.

"About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber in which the girl, supposed to be disturbed by a spirit, had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies. They sat rather more than an hour, and bearing nothing, went down stairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied, in the strongest terms, any knowledge or belief of fraud.

As the supposed spirit had before publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentle-

men into the vault, under the church of St. John, Clerkenwell, where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there by a knock upon her coffin, it was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence or veracity of the supposed spirit.

While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches.

When the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back; and being required to hold her hands out of bed, from that time, though the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any agency, no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited.

The spirit was then seriously advertised, that the person to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company, at one, went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made went with one more into the vault: the spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise; but nothing more than silence ensued. The person supposed to be accused by the ghost then went down, with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her. Between two and three she desired, and was permitted, to go home with her father.

It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly, "That the child has some art of making or counterfeiting particular noises, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."

To elude the force of this conclusion, it was given out that the coffin in which the body of the supposed ghost had been deposited, or at least the body itself, had been displaced, or removed out of the vault. Mr. K——, therefore, thought proper to take with him to the vault the undertaker who buried Miss R——, and such other unprejudiced persons as, on inspection, might be able to prove the weakness of such a suggestion.

Accordingly, on Feb. 25th, in the afternoon, Mr. K——, with a clergyman, the undertaker, clerk, and sexton of the parish, and two or three gentlemen, went into the vault, when the undertaker presently knew the coffin, which was taken from under the others, and easily seen to be the same, as there was no plate or inscription; and, to satisfy further, the coffin being opened before Mr. K——, the body was found in it.

Others, in the mean time, were taking other steps to find out where the fraud, if any, lay. The girl was removed from house to house, and was said to be constantly attended with the usual noises, though bound and muffled hand and foot, and that without any motion in her lips, and when she appeared asleep: nay, they were often said to be heard in rooms at a considerable distance from that where she lay.

At last her bed was tied up, in the manner of a hammock, about a yard and a half from the ground, and her hands and feet extended as wide as they could without injury, and fastened with fillets for two nights successively, during which no noises were heard.

The next day, being pressed to confess, and being told, that if the knockings and scratchings were not heard any more, she, her father and mother, would be sent to Newgate; and half an hour being given her to consider, she desired she might be put to bed to try if the noises would come: she lay in bed this night much longer than usual, but no noises. This was on a Saturday.

Sunday, being told that the approaching night only would be allowed for a trial, she concealed a board about four inches broad, and six long, under her stays. This board was used to set the kettle upon. Having got into bed, she told the gentleman she would bring F— at six the next morning.

The master of the house, however, and a friend of his, being informed by the maids that the girl had taken a board to bed with her, impatiently waited for the appointed hour, when she began to knock and scratch upon the board, remarking, however, what they themselves were convinced of, "that these noises were not like those which used to be made." She was then told that she had taken a board to bed, and on her denying it, searched, and caught in a lie.

The two gentlemen, who with the maids were the only persons present at this scene, sent to a third gentleman, to ac-

acquaint him that the whole affair was detected, and to desire his immediate attendance; but he brought another along with him.

Their concurrent opinion was, that the child had been frightened into this attempt by the threats which had been made the two preceding nights; and the master of the house also and his friend both declared, "that the noises the girl had made that morning had not the least likeness to the former noises."

Probably the organs with which she performed these strange noises were not always in a proper tone for that purpose, and she imagined she might be able to supply the place of them by a piece of board.

At length Mr. K—— thought proper to vindicate his character in a legal way. On the 10th of July the father and mother of the child, one Mary Frazer, who, it seems, acted as an interpreter between the ghost and those who examined her, a clergyman, and a reputable tradesman, were tried at Guildhall, before Lord Mansfield, by a special jury, and convicted of conspiracy against the life and character of Mr. K——.

But the court chusing that Mr. K——, who had been so much injured on this occasion, should receive some reparation by the punishment of the offenders, deferred giving sentence for seven or eight months, in hopes the parties might make it up in the mean time. Accordingly the clergyman and tradesmen agreed to pay Mr. K—— a round sum, some say between five and six hundred pounds, to purchase

their pardon, and were thereupon dismissed with a severe reprimand. The father was ordered to be set on the pillory three times in one month, once at the end of Cock Lane, and after that to be imprisoned two years; Elizabeth his wife one year, and Mary Frazer six months in Bridewell, and to be there kept to hard labour.

The father appearing to be out of his mind at the time he was first to stand on the pillory, the execution of that part of his sentence was deferred to another day, when, as well as on the other days of his standing there, the populace took so much compassion of him, that, instead of using him ill, they made a handsome collection for him.

THE GHOST.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

WITH eager search to dart the soul,
Curiously vain, from pole to pole,
And from the planets' wand'ring spheres
T' extort the number of our years,
And whether all those years shall flow
Serenely smooth, and free from woe,
Or rude Misfortune shall deform
Our life with one continual storm;
Or if the scene shall motley be,
Alternate joy and misery,
Is a desire which, more or less,
All men must feel, tho' few confess.

Hence ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords subsistence to the sage
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the stars,
From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come some ages hence,
Which unto friends, at easy rates,
He readily communicates.

At its first rise, which all agree on,
This noble science was Chaldean;

That ancient people, as they fed
 Their flocks upon the mountain's head,
 Gaz'd on the stars, observ'd their motions, 25
 And suck'd in astrologic notions,
 Which they so eagerly pursue,
 As folks are apt whate'er is new,
 That things below at random rove,
 Whilst they're consulting things above; 30
 And when they now so poor were grown,
 That they 'ad no houses of their own,
 They made bold with their friends the stars,
 And prudently made use of theirs.
 To Egypt from Chaldee it travell'd, 35
 And fate at Memphis was unravell'd:
 Th' exotic science soon struck root,
 And flourish'd into high repute:
 Each learned priest, O strange to tell!
 Could circles make and cast a spell; 40
 Could read and write, and taught the nation
 The holy art of divination:
 Nobles themselves, (for at that time
 Knowledge in nobles was no crime)
 Could talk as learned as the priest, 45
 And prophesy as much at least:
 Hence all the fortune-telling crew,
 Whose crafty skill mars Nature's hue,
 Who, in vile tatters, with smirch'd face,
 Run up and down from place to place, 50

To gratify their friends' desires,
 From Bampfild Carew to Moll Squires,
 Are rightly term'd Egyptians all,
 Whom we, mistaken, Gypsies call.

The Grecian sages borrow'd this,
 As they did other sciences,
 From fertile Egypt, tho' the loan
 They had not honesty to own.
 Dodona's oaks, inspir'd by Jove,
 A learned and prophetic grove,
 Turn'd vegetable necromancers,
 And to all comers gave their answers.
 At Delphos, to Apollo dear,
 All men the voice of Fate might hear;
 Each subtle priest on three-legg'd stool,
 To take in wise men, play'd the fool;
 A mystery, so made for gain,
 Ev'n now in fashion must remain.
 Enthusiasts never will let drop

What brings such bus'ness to their shop,
 And that great saint we Whitefield call,
 Keeps up the humbug spiritual.

Among the Romans, not a bird
 Without a prophecy was heard;
 Fortunes of empires often hung
 On the magician magpie's tongue,
 And ev'ry crow was to the state
 A sure interpreter of Fate.

Prophets, embody'd in a college,
 (Time out of mind your seat of knowledge,
 For genius never fruit can bear
 Unless it first is planted there;
 And solid learning never falls
 Without the verge of college walls)
 Infallible accounts would keep
 When it was best to watch or sleep,
 To eat or drink, to go or stay,
 And when to fight or run away;
 When matters were for action ripe,
 By looking at a double tripe;
 When emperors would live or die
 They in an ass's scull could spy;
 When gen'als would their station keep,
 Or turn their backs, in hearts of sheep.
 In matters whither small or great,
 In private families or state,
 As amongst us, the holy seer
 Officially would interfere;
 With pious arts and rev'rend skill
 Would bend lay-bigots to his will;
 Would help or injure foes or friends,
 Just as it serv'd his private ends.
 Whither in honest way of trade
 Traps for virginity were laid,
 Or if, to make their party great,
 Designs were form'd against the state,

Regardless of the commonweal,
 By int'rest led, which they call Zeal,
 Into the scale was always thrown
 The will of Heav'n to back their own.
 England, a happy land we know,
 Where follies naturally grow,
 Where without culture they arise,
 And tow'r above the common size;
 England a fortune-telling host
 As num'rous as the stars could boast;
 Matrons who toss the cup, and see
 The grounds of Fate in grounds of tea;
 Who, vers'd in ev'ry modest lore,
 Can a lost maidenhead restore,
 Or, if their pupils rather chuse it,
 Can shew the readiest way to lose it.
 Gypsies, who ev'ry ill can cure
 Except the ill of being poor,
 Who charms 'gainst love and agues sell,
 Who can in hen-roost set a spell,
 Prepar'd by arts to them best known
 To catch all feet except their own,
 Who as to fortune can unlock it
 As easily as pick a pocket;
 Scotchmen who, in their country's right,
 Possess the gift of second-sight,
 Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
 Sure argument of prudent wit,

Which reputation to maintain,
 They never venture back again)
 By lies prophetic heap up riches,
 And boast the luxury of breeches.

Amongst the rest in former years,
 Campbell, illustrious name! appears,
 Great hero of futurity,
 Who blind, could ev'ry thing foresee,
 Who dumb, could every thing foretell,
 Who, Fate with equity to sell,
 Always dealt out the will of Heav'n
 According to what price was given.

Of Scottish race, in Highlands born,
 Possess'd with native pride and scorn,
 He hither came, by custom led,
 To curse the hands which gave him bread:
 With want of truth and want of sense,
 Amply made up by impudence,
 (A succedaneum which we find
 In common use with all mankind)
 Caress'd and favour'd too by those
 Whose heart with patriot feelings glows,
 Who foolishly, where'er dispers'd,
 Still place their native country first;
 (For Englishmen alone have sense
 To give a stranger preference,
 Whilst modest Merit of their own
 Is left in poverty to groan)

Campbell foretold just what he wou'd,
 And left the stars to make it good;
 On whom he had impress'd such awe,
 His dictates current pass'd for law;
 Submissive, all his empire own'd;
 No star durst smile when Campbell frown'd.

This sage deceas'd, for all must die,
 And Campbell's no more safe than I;
 No more than I can guard the heart,
 When Death shall hurl the fatal dart;
 Succeeded, ripe in art and years,
 Another fav'rite of the spheres;
 Another and another came
 Of equal skill and equal fame;
 As white each wand, as black each gown,
 As long each beard, as wise each frown,
 In ev'ry thing so like, you'd swear
 Campbell himself was sitting there:
 To all the happy art was known,
 To tell our fortunes, make their own.

Seated in garret; for you know
 The nearer to the stars we go
 The greater we esteem his art,
 Fools curious flock'd from ev'ry part
 The rich, the poor, the maid, the marry'd,
 And those who could not walk were carry'd.

The butler, hanging down his head,
 By chambermaid or cookmaid led,

Inquires if, from his friend the moon,
 He has advice of pilfer'd spoon?
 The court-bred woman of condition,
 (Who, to approve her disposition
 As much superior as her birth,
 To those compos'd of common earth,
 With double spirit must engage
 In ev'ry folly of the age)
 The honourable arts would buy,
 To pack the cards and cog a dye,
 The hero (who, for brawn and face,
 May claim right honourable place
 Amongst the chiefs of Butcher-row,
 Who might some thirty years ago,
 If we may be allow'd to guess,
 At his employment by his dress,
 Put med'cines off from cart or stage,
 The grand Toscano of the age,
 Or might about the countries go
 High steward of a puppet-show,
 Steward and stewardship most meet,
 For all know puppets never eat;
 Who would be thought, (tho' save the mark,
 That point is something in the dark)
 The man of honour, one like those
 Renown'd in story, who lov'd blows
 Better than victuals, and would fight,
 Merely for sport, from morn to night;

Who treads like Mavors firm, whose tongue
Is with the triple thunder hung;
Who cries to fear—stand off, aloof—
And talks as he were cannon-proof;
Would be deem'd ready, when you list,
With sword and pistol, stick and fist;
Careless of points, balls, bruises, knocks,
At once to fence, fire cudgel, box;
But at the same time bears about
Within himself some touch of doubt;
Of prudent doubt, which hints—that same
Is nothing but an empty name;
That life is rightly understood
By all to be a real good;
That even in a hero's heart
Discretion is the better part;
That this same honour may be won,
And yet no kind of danger run;
Like Druggier comes, that magic pow'rs
May ascertain his lucky hours;
For at some hours the fickle dame,
Whom Fortune properly we name,
Who ne'er considers wrong or right,
When wanted most plays least in sight,
And, like a modern court-bred jilt,
Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt;
Some hours there are, when from the heart
Courage into some other part

No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
 And fear usurps the vacant seat,
 Whence, planet-struck, we often find
 Stewarts and Sackvilles of mankind. 250

Farther, he'd know (and by his art
 A conjurer can that impart)
 Whether politer it is reckon'd
 To have or not to have a second?
 To drag the friends in, or alone
 To make the danger all their own?
 Whether repletion is not bad,
 And fighters with full stomachs mad?
 Whether, before he seeks the plain,
 It were not well to breathe a vein?
 Whether a gentle salivation,
 Consistently with reputation,
 Might not of precious use be found,
 Not to prevent indeed a wound,
 But to prevent the consequence
 Which oftentimes arises thence,
 Those fevers which the patient urge on
 To gates of death by help of surgeon?
 Whether a wind at east or west
 Is for green wounds accounted best?
 Whether (was he to chuse) his mouth
 Should point towards the north or south?
 Whether more safely he might use,
 On these occasions, pumps or shoes?

Whether it better is to fight 275

By sunshine or by candlelight?

Or (lest a candle should appear

Too mean to shine in such a sphere,

For who would of a candle tell

To light a hero into hell, 280

And lest the sun should partial rise

To dazzle one or t' other's eyes,

Or one or t' other's brains to scorch

Might not Dame Luna hold a torch?

These points with dignity discuss, 285

And gravely fix'd, a task which must

Require no little time and pains,

To make our hearts friends with our brains,

The man of war would next engage

The kind assistance of the sage,

Some previous method to direct,

Which should make these of none effect.

Could he not, from the mystic school

Of art, produce some sacred rule,

By which a knowledge might be got

Whether men valiant were or not;

So he that challenges might write

Only to those who would not fight?

Or could he not some way dispense

By help of which (without offence

To Honour, whose nice nature's such

She scarce endures the slightest touch)

When he for want of t' other rule
Mistakes his man, and, like a fool,
With some vain fighting blade gets in;
He fairly may get out again;

Or should some demon lay a scheme
To drive him to the last extreme,
So that he must confess his fears,
In mercy to his nose and ears,
And, like a prudent recreant knight,
Rather do any thing than fight,
Could he not some expedient buy
To keep his shame from public eye?
For well he held, and, men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
That honour's like a maidenhead,
Which if in private brought to bed
Is none the worse, but walks the Town;
Ne'er lost until the loss be known.

The parson, too, (for now and then
Parsons are just like other men,
And here and there a gray divine
Has passions such as your's and mine)
Burning with holy lust to know
When Fate preferment will bestow,
Fraid of detection, not of sin,
With circumspection sneaking in
To conj'rer, as he does to whore,
Thro' some bye alley or backdoor,

With the same caution Orthodox
Consults the stars, and gets a pox.
The citizen, in fraud grown old,
Who knows no deity but gold,
Worn out, and gasping now for breath, 335
A med'cine wants to keep off death,
Would know, if that he cannot have,
What coins are current in the grave;
If, when the stocks (which, by his pow'r,
Would rise or fall in half an hour, 340
For, tho' unthought of and unseen,
He work'd the springs behind the screen)
By his directions came about,
And rose to par, he should sell out;
Whether he safely might, or no, 345
Replace it in the funds below?
By all address'd, believ'd, and paid,
Many pursu'd the thriving trade,
And, great in reputation grown,
Successive held the magic throne. 350
Favour'd by ev'ry darling passion,
The love of novelty and fashion,
Ambition, av'rice, lust, and pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry side:
But when the prudent laws thought fit 355
To curb this insolence of wit;
When senates wisely had provided,
Decreed, enacted, and decided,

That no such vile and upstart elves
Should have more knowledge than themselves; 360
When fines and penalties were laid
To stop the progress of the trade;
And stars no longer could dispense,
With honour, farther influence;
And wizards (which must be confess'd
Was of more force than all the rest) 365
No certain way to tell had got
Which were informers and which not;
Affrighted sages were, perforce,
Oblig'd to steer some other course:
By various ways, these sons of Chance
Their fortunes labour'd to advance,
Well knowing, by unerring rules,
Knaves starve not in the land of fools.

Some, with high titles and degrees,
Which wise men borrow when they please, 375
Without or trouble or expense,
Physicians instantly commence,
And proudly boast an equal skill
With those who claim the right to kill. 380

Others about the countries roam
(For not one thought of going home)
With pistol and adopted leg,
Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.

Some, the more subtle of their race,
(Who felt some touch of coward grace, 385

Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deserving it)
Came to their brother Smolett's aid,
And carry'd on the critic trade. 390

Attach'd to letters and the Muse,
Some verses wrote, and some wrote news;
Those each revolving month are seen
The heroes of a magazine;
These ev'ry morning great appear 395

In Leger or in Gazetteer,
Spreading the falsehoods of the day,
By turns, for Faden and for Say;
Like Swifts, their force is always laid
On that side where they best are paid: 400

Hence mighty prodigies arise,
And daily monsters strike our eyes;
Wonders, to propagate the trade,
More strange than ever Baker made,
Are hawk'd about from street to street; 405
And fools believe whilst liars eat.

Now armies in the air engage,
To fright a superstitious age;
Now comets thro' the ether range,
In governments portending change; 410
Now rivers to the ocean fly
So quick, they leave their channels dry;
Now monstrous whales on Lambeth shore
Drink the Thames dry, and thirst for more;

And ev'ry now and then appears
 An Irish savage, numb'ring years
 More than those happy sages cou'd
 Who drew their breath before the flood;
 Now, to the wonder of all people,
 A church is left without a steeple;
 A steeple now is left in lurch,
 And mourns departure of the church,
 Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,
 Remov'd a furlong off we find;
 Now, wrath on cattle to discharge,
 Hailstones as deadly fall, and large,
 As those which were on Egypt sent,
 At once their crime and punishment,
 Or those which, as the prophet writes,
 Fell on the necks of Amorites,
 When, struck with wonder and amaze,
 The sun suspended stay'd to gaze,
 And, from her duty longer kept,
 In Ajalon his sister slept.

But if such things no more engage
 The taste of a politer age,
 To help them out in time of need
 Another Tofts must rabbits breed:
 Each pregnant female trembling hears,
 And, overcome with spleen and fears,
 Consults her faithful glass no more,
 But, madly bounding o'er the floor,

415 Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By Fancy turn'd into a doe.

Now, to promote their private ends, 445
Nature her usual course suspends,
And varies from the stated plan
Observ'd e'er since the world began.
Bodies (which foolishly we thought,
By Custom's servile maxims taught, 450
Needed a regular supply,

And without nourishment must die)
With craving appetites and sense
Of hunger easily dispense,
And, pliant to their wondrous skill, 455
Are taught, like watches, to stand still,
Uninjur'd, for a month or more,
Then go on as they did before.

430 The novel takes, the tale succeeds,
Amplly supplies its author's needs, 460
And Betty Canning is at least,
With Gascoyne's help, a six months' feast.

435 Whilst in contempt of all our pains
The tyrant Superstition reigns
Imperious in the heart of man, 465
And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan;
Whilst fond Credulity, who ne'er
The weight of wholesome doubts could bear, 470
To reason and herself unjust,
Takes all things blindly upon trust;

Whilst Curiosity, whose rage
 No mercy shews to sex or age,
 Must be indulg'd at the expense
 Of judgment, truth, and common sense;
 Impostures cannot but prevail,
 And when old miracles grow stale,
 Jugglers will still the art pursue,
 And entertain the world with new.

For them, obedient to their will,
 And trembling at their mighty skill,
 Sad spirits, summon'd from the tomb,
 Glide glaring ghastly thro' the gloom,
 In all the usual pomp of storms,
 In horrid customary forms,
 A wolf, a bear, a horse, an ape,
 As fear and fancy give them shape,
 Tormented with despair and pain;
 They roar, they yell, and clank the chain,
 Folly and Guilt (for Guilt, howe'er
 The face of Courage it may wear,
 Is still a coward at the heart)

At fear-created phantoms start.
 The priest, that very word implies
 That he's both innocent and wise,
 Yet fears to travel in the dark,
 Unless escorted by his clerk.

But let not ev'ry bungler deem
 Too lightly of so deep a scheme;

For reputation of the art
 Each Ghost must act a proper part, 500
 Observe decorum's needful grace,
 And keep the laws of time and place;
 Must change, with happy variation,
 His manners with his situation;
 What in the country might pass down,
 Would be impertinent in Town. 505
 No spirit of discretion here
 Can think of breeding awe and fear,
 'Twill serve the purpose more by half
 To make the congregation laugh. 510
 We want no ensigns of surprise,
 Locks stiff with gore, and sawcer eyes;
 Give us an entertaining sprite,
 Gentle, familiar, and polite, 515
 One who appears in such a form
 As might an holy hermit warm,
 Or who on former schemes refines,
 And only talks by sounds and signs, 520
 Who will not to the eye appear,
 But pays her visits to the ear,
 And knocks so gently, 'twould not fright
 A lady in the darkest night.
 Such is our Fanny, whose good will,
 Which cannot in the grave lie still, 525
 Brings her on earth to entertain
 Her friends and lovers in Cock Lane. 526

THE GHOST.

BOOK II.

A SACRED standard rule we find,
 By poets held time out of mind,
 To offer at Apollo's shrine,
 And call on one, or all the Nine.

This custom, thro' a bigot zeal,
 Which Moderns of fine taste must feel,
 For those who wrote in days of yore,
 Adopted stands like many more;
 Tho' ev'ry cause, which then conspir'd
 To make it practis'd and admir'd,
 Yielding to time's destructive course,
 For ages past hath lost its force.

With ancient bards, an invocation
 Was a true act of adoration,
 Of worship an essential part;
 And not a formal piece of art,
 Of paltry reading a parade,
 A dull solemnity in trade,
 A pious fever, taught to burn
 An hour or two, to serve a turn.

They talk'd not of Castalian springs,
 By way of saying pretty things,
 As we dress out our flimsy rhymes,
 'Twas the religion of the times;

And they believ'd that holy stream, why should
 With greater force made fancy teem, these glowing
 Reckon'd by all a true specific, that wild enthusiasm
 To make the barren brain prolific, above which
 Thus Romish church, (a scheme which bears, nature
 Not half so much excuse as theirs) down on
 Since Faith implicitly hath taught her, who have
 Reverses the force of holy waters, for their religion
 The Pagan system, whether true And feel not half
 Or false, its strength, like buildings, drew At Clio's
 From many parts dispos'd to bear, she know these
 In one great whole, their proper share, were more
 Each god of eminent degree, that Thames has
 To some vast beam compar'd might be; which on the
 Each godling was a peg, or rather And that the
 A cramp, to keep the beams together; and not a
 And man as safely might pretend, if he know, who
 From Jove the thunderbolt to rend, should we drink
 As with an impious pride aspire, Th' whole fountain
 To rob Apollo of his lyre, so soon as one poor
 With settled faith and pious awe, no, it is to raise
 Establish'd by the voice of Law, or Beauty, the
 Then poets to the Muses came, in any public
 And from their altars taught the state, more than the
 Genius, with Phoebus for his guide, it was into the
 The Muse ascending by his side, I cannot
 With tow'ring pinions dar'd to soar, why should we
 Where eye could scarcely strain before, And court no

But why should we, who cannot feel, believe
 These glowings of a Pagan zeal; whose greater ill
 That wild enthusiastic force, whose greater ill
 By which, above her common course, she made the
 Nature, in eddies upborne, thus Romish church
 Look'd down on earthly things with scorn; nor half
 Who have no more regard, tis known, since Faith
 For their religion than our own; whose force the force
 And feel not half so fierce a flame; the Pagan
 At Clio's altar; Fisher's name; its strength, its fall
 Who know these boasted sacred streams, from many
 Were mere romantic idle dreams, nor whole
 That Thames has waters clear as those of god
 Which on the top of Pindus rose, nor less vast
 And that the fancy to refine, nor less vast
 Water's not half so good as wine; nor less vast
 Who know, if profit strikes our eye, nor less vast
 Should we drink Helicon quite dry, nor less vast
 Th' whole fountain would not thither lead, nor less vast
 So soon as one poor jug from Tweed; nor less vast
 Who, if to raise poetic fire, nor less vast
 The pow'r of Beauty we require, nor less vast
 In any public place can view, nor less vast
 More than the Grecians ever knew; nor less vast
 If wit into the scale is thrown, nor less vast
 Can boast a Lennox of our own; nor less vast
 Why should we servile customs chuse, nor less vast
 And court an antiquated Muse; nor less vast

No matter why—to ask a reason
In pedant bigotry is treason.

In the broad beaten turnpike-road
Of hackney'd panegyric ode,
No modern poet dares to ride
Without Apollo by his side,
Nor in a sonnet take the air,
Unless his lady Muse be there;
She, from some amaranthine grove,
Where little Loves and Graces rove,
The laurel to my Lord must bear;
Or garlands make for whores to wear;
She, with soft elegiac verse,
Must grace some mighty villain's hearse,
Or for some infant, doom'd by Fate
To wallow in a large estate,
With rhymes the cradle must adorn,
To tell the world a fool is born.

Since then our Critic Lords expect
No hardy poet should reject
Establish'd maxims, or presume
To place much better in their room;
By nature fearful, I submit,
And in this dearth of sense and wit,
With nothing done, and little said,
(By wild excursive Fancy led
Into a Second Book thus far,
Like some unwary traveller,

Whom vary'd scenes of wood and lawn
 With treacherous delight have drawn,
 Deluded from his purpos'd way,
 Whom ev'ry step leads more astray,
 Who, gazing round, can no where spy,
 Or house or friendly cottage nigh,
 And resolution seems to lack
 To venture forward or go back,
 Invoke some goddess to descend,
 And help me to my journey's end,
 Tho' conscious Arrow all the while
 Hears the petition with a smile,
 Before the glass her charms unfolds,
 And in herself my Muse beholds,
 Truth, goddess of celestial birth;
 But little lov'd or known on earth,
 Whose pow'r but seldom rules the heart,
 Whose name, with hypocritid art,
 An errant stalking-horse is made,
 A snug pretence to drive a trade,
 An instrument convenient grown
 To plant, more firmly, Falsehood's throne,
 As rebels varnish o'er their cause,
 With specious colouring of laws,
 And pious traitors draw the knife
 In the king's name against his life;
 Whether (from cities far away,
 Where Fraud and Falsehood scorn thy sway)

The faithful nymph's and shepherd's pride;
 With Love and Virtue by thy side,
 Your hours in harmless joys are spent
 Amongst the children of Content;
 Or, fond of gaiety and sport,
 You tread the round of England's court,
 Howe'er my Lord may frowning go,
 And treat the stranger as a foe,
 Sure to be found a welcome guest
 In George's and in Charlotte's breast;
 If, in the giddy hours of youth,
 My constant soul adher'd to truth;
 If, from the time I first wrote Man,
 I still pursu'd thy sacred plan,
 Tempted by Interest in vain
 To wear mean Falsehood's golden chain;
 If, for a season drawn away,
 Starting from Virtue's path astray,
 All low disguise I scorn'd to try,
 And dar'd to sin, but not to lie;
 Hither, O hither! condescend,
 Eternal Truth! thy steps to bend,
 And favour him who, ev'ry hour,
 Confesses and obeys thy pow'r!
 But come not with that easy mien
 By which you won the lively Dean,
 Nor yet assume that strumpet air
 Which Rab'lais taught thee first to wear,

Whom vary'd scenes of wood and lawn
 With treacherous delight have drawn;
 Deluded from his purpos'd way,
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Eternal Truth! thy steps to bend,
And favour him who, ev'ry hour,
Confesses and obeys thy pow'r!
But come not with that easy mien
By which you won the lively Dean,
Nor yet assume that strumpet air
Which Rab'lais taught thee first to wear,

Nor yet that arch ambiguous face
Which with Cervantes gave thee grace;
But come in sacred vesture clad,
Solemnly dull, and truly sad!

Far from thy seemly matron train
Be idiot Mirth and Laughter vain!
For Wit and Humour, which pretend
At once to please us and amend;
They are not for my present turn;
Let them remain in France with Sterne.

Of noblest City parents born,
Whom wealth and dignities adorn,
Who still one constant tenor keep,
Not quite awake nor quite asleep;
With thee let formal Dulness come,
And deep Attention, ever dumb,
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilst ev'ry circumstance she weighs,
Whose downcast eye is often found
Bent without motion to the ground,
Or, to some outward thing confin'd,
Remits no image to the mind,
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But stupid without vision stares;
Thy steps let Gravity attend,
Wisdom's and Truth's unerring friend;
For one may see with half an eye,
That Gravity can never lie,

And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,
With solemn proof proclaims him wise.

Free from all waggeries and sports,
The produce of luxurious courts,
Where sloth and lust enervate youth,
Come thou, a downright City Truth;
The City, which we ever find
A sober pattern for mankind,
Where man, in equilibrio hung,
Is seldom old, and never young,
And from the cradle to the grave,

Not virtue's friend nor vice's slave;
As dancers on the wire we spy,
Hanging between the earth and sky.

She comes—I see her from afar
Bending her course to Temple Bar;
All sage and silent is her train,
Deportment grave, and garments plain,
Such as may suit a parson's wear,
And fit the headpiece of a may'r.

By Truth inspir'd, our Bacon's force
Open'd the way to learning's source;
Boyle thro' the works of Nature ran,
And Newton, something more than man,
Div'd into Nature's hidden springs,
Laid bare the principles of things,
Above the earth our spirits bore,
And gave us worlds unknown before.

By Truth inspir'd, when Lauder's spight
 O'er Milton cast the veil of night,
 Douglas arose, and thro' the maze
 Of intricate and winding ways
 Came where the subtle traitor lay, 225
 And dragg'd him, trembling, to the day;
 Whilst he, (O shame to noblest parts!
 Dishonour to the lib'ral arts!
 To traffic in so vile a scheme!)
 Whilst he, our letter'd Polypheme, 230
 Who had confed'rate forces join'd,
 Like a base coward sculk'd behind.
 By Truth inspir'd, our critics go
 To track Fingal in Highland snow,
 To form their own and others' creed — 235
 From manuscripts they cannot read.
 By Truth inspir'd, we numbers see
 Of each profession and degree,
 Gentle and simple, lord and cit,
 Wit without wealth, wealth without wit, 240
 When Punch and Sheridan have done,
 To Fanny's Ghostly lectures run.
 By Truth and Fanny now inspir'd,
 I feel my glowing bosom fir'd;
 Desire beats high in ev'ry vein 245
 To sing the spirit of Cock Lane;
 To tell (just as the measure flows
 In halting rhyme, half verse, half prose)

With more than mortal arts endu'd,
How she united force withstood,
And proudly gave a brave defiance
To Wit and Dulness in alliance.

This Apparition (with relation
To ancient modes of derivation,
This we may properly so call,
Altho' it ne'er appears at all,
As by the way of inuendo,
Superior to the vulgar mode,
Nobly disdains that servile road
Which coward Ghosts, as it appears,
Have walk'd in full five thousand years,
And, for restraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of her own.

Others may meanly start away,
Aw'd by the herald of the day;
With faculties too weak to bear
The freshness of the morning air,
May vanish with the melting gloom,
And glide in silence to the tomb;
She dares the sun's most piercing light,
And knocks by day as well as night:
Others, with mean and partial view,
Their visits pay to one or two;
She, great in reputation grown,
Keeps the best company in Town.

Our active enterprising Ghost,
As large and splendid routs can boast
As those which, rais'd by Pride's command,
Block up the passage thro' the Strand;

Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who serv'd their time on the Parade;
She-faints, who, true to Pleasure's plan,
Talk about God, and lust for man;
Wits who believe nor God nor Ghost,
And fools who worship ev'ry post;
Cowards, whose lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And cits, who for the same cause cry;
The canting Tabernacle brother,
(For one rogue still suspects another)
Ladies who to a spirit fly,
Rather than with their husbands lie;
Lords who as chaffly pass their lives
With other women as their wives;
Proud of their intellects and clothes,
Physicians, lawyers, parsons, beaux,
And, truant from their desks and shops,
Spruce Temple clerks and 'prentice fops,
To Fanny come, with the same view,
To find her false, or find her true.
Hark! something creeps about the house!
Is it a spirit or a mouse?

Hark! something scratches round the room!
 A cat, a rat, a stubb'd birch broom.
 Hark! on the wainscot now it knocks!
 "If thou'rt a Ghost," cry'd Orthodox,
 With that affected solemn air
 Which hypocrites delight to wear,
 And all those forms of consequence
 Which fools adopt instead of sense;
 "If thou'rt a Ghost, who from the tomb
 Stalk'st sadly silent thro' this gloom,
 In breach of Nature's stated laws,
 For good, or bad, or for no cause,
 Give now nine knocks; like priests of old,
 Nine we a sacred number hold."

"'Psha," cry'd Profound, (a man of parts,
 Deep read in all the curious arts,
 Who to their hidden springs had trac'd
 The force of numbers rightly plac'd)
 "As to the number, you are right;
 As to the form mistaken quite.
 What's nine?—Your adepts all agree
 The virtue lies in three times three."

He said, no need to say it twice,
 For thrice she knock'd, and thrice, and thrice.

The crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
 In silence at each other gaz'd;
 From Cælia's hand the snuff-box fell,
 Tinsel, who ogled with the belle;

To pick it up attempts in vain,
 He stoops, but cannot rise again,
 Immane Pomposo was not heard
 T' import one crabbed foreign word:
 Fear seizes heroes, fools, and wits,
 And Plausible his pray'r forgets.

At length, as people just awake,
 Into wild dissonance they break;
 All talk'd at once, but not a word
 Was understood or plainly heard.
 Such is the noise of chatt'ring geese,
 Slow sailing on the summer breeze;
 Such is the language Discord speaks
 In Welsh women o'er beds of leeks;
 Such the confus'd and horrid sounds
 Of Irish in potatoe grounds.

But tir'd, for even C——'s tongue
 Is not on iron hinges hung,
 Fear and Confusion found retreat,
 Reason and Order take their seat.
 The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
 They now would find the causes out.
 For this a sacred rule we find
 Among the nicest of mankind,
 Which never might exception brook
 From Hobbes ev'n down to Bolingbroke,
 To doubt of facts, however true,
 Unless they know the causes too.

Trifle, of whom 'twas hard to tell
 When he intended ill or well;
 Who, to prevent all farther pother,
 Probably meant nor one nor t'other;
 Who to be silent always loath;
 Would speak on either side, or both;
 Who, led away by love of fame,
 If any new idea came,
 Whate'er it made for, always said it,
 Not with an eye to truth, but credit;
 For orators profess'd 'tis known,
 Talk not for our sake but their own;
 Who always shew'd his talents best
 When serious things were turn'd to jest,
 And under much impertinence
 Possess'd no common share of sense;
 Who could deceive the flying hours
 With chat on butterflies and flowers;
 Could talk of powder, patches, paint,
 With the same zeal as of a saint;
 Could prove a Sibyl brighter far
 Than Venus or the Morning Star;
 Whilst something still so gay, so new,
 The smile of approbation drew,
 And females ey'd the charming man,
 Whilst their hearts flutter'd with their fan;
 Trifle, who would by no means miss
 An opportunity like this,

Proceeding on his usual plan, he now to shift
Smil'd, strok'd his chin, and thus began, 390

“ With sheers or scissors, sword or knife, or who,
When the Fates cut the thread of life, (Probably means)
(For if we to the grave are sent, who to be sent)
No matter with what instrument) (We could break on)
The body in some lonely spot, led away by yaws, 395
On dunghill vile, is laid to rot, (It is a new idea)
Or sleeps among more holy dead, (What'er it is)
With pray'rs irreverently read; (Not with an eye to)
The soul is sent where Fate ordains, (For others profit)
To reap rewards, to suffer pains, (Let us not for our)

The virtuous to those mansions go, (Who always do)
Where pleasures unembitter'd flow, (When tortures do)
Where, leading up a jocund band, (And under much)
Vigour and Youth dance hand in hand, (Holla'd no)
Whilst Zephyr, with harmonious gales, (Who could)
Pipes softest music thro' the vales, (With that on hand)
And Spring and Flora, gaily crown'd, (Could talk of)
With velvet carpets spread the ground; (With the same)
With livelier blush where roses bloom, (Could prove)
And ev'ry shrub expires perfume, (The Venus of)
Where crystal streams meandering glide, (Whilst some)
Where warbling flows the amber tide, (The taste of)
Where other suns dart brighter beams, (And some be)
And light thro' purer ether streams, (Whilst their be)

Far other seats, far diff'rent state, (who would)
The sons of Wickedness await, (An opportunity)

Justice, (not that old hag I mean,
 Who's nightly in the garden seen,
 Who lets no spark of mercy rise,
 For crimes by which men lose their eyes;
 Nor her who, with an equal hand,
 Weighs tea and sugar in the Strand;
 Nor her who, by the world deem'd wise,
 Deaf to the widow's piercing cries,
 Steel'd 'gainst the starving orphan's tears,
 On pawns her base tribunal rears;
 But her who after death presides,
 Whom sacred Truth unerring guides,
 Who, free from partial influence,
 Nor sinks nor raises evidence,
 Before whom nothing's in the dark,
 Who takes no bribe, and keeps no clerk)
 Justice with equal scale below,
 In due proportion weighs out woe,
 And always with such lucky aim
 Knows punishments so fit to frame,
 That she augments their grief and pain,
 Leaving no reason to complain.

Old maids and rakes are join'd together,
 Coquettes and prudes, like April weather,
 Wit's forc'd to chum with Common Sense,
 And Lust is yok'd to Impotence,
 Professors (Justice so decreed)
 Unpaid must constant lectures read;

On earth it often doth befall,
 They're paid, and never read at all
 Parsons must practise what they teach,
 And b—ps are compell'd to preach.

She, who on earth was nice and prim,
 Of delicacy full and whim,
 Whose tender nature could not bear
 The rudeness of the churlish air,
 Is doom'd, to mortify her pride,
 The change of weather to abide,
 And sells, whilst tears with liquor mix,
 Burnt brandy on the shore of Styx.

Avaro, by long use grown bold,
 In ev'ry ill which brings him gold,
 Who his Redeemer would pull down,
 And sell his God for half-a-crown,
 Who, if some blockhead should be willing
 To lend him on his soul a shilling,
 A well-made bargain would esteem it,
 And have more sense than to redeem it,
 Justice shall in those shades confine,
 To drudge for Plutus in the mine,
 All the day long to toil and roar,
 And, cursing, work the stubborn ore,
 For coxcombs here who have no brains;
 Without a sixpence for his pains:
 Thence, with each due return of night,
 Compell'd, the tall, thin, half-starv'd sprite,

Shall earth revisit, and survey
 The place where once his treasure lay,
 Shall view the stall where holy Pride,
 With letter'd Ignorance ally'd,
 Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
 Descended to another lord:
 Then shall he, screaming, pierce the air,
 Hang his lank jaws, and scowl despair;
 Then shall he ban at Heav'n's decrees,
 And, howling, sink to hell for ease.

Those who on earth thro' life have past
 With equal pace from first to last,
 Nor vex'd with passions nor with spleen,
 Insipid, easy, and serene,
 Whose heads were made too weak to bear
 The weight of bus'ness or of care,
 Who without merit, without crime,
 Contrive to while away their time;
 Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wits,
 Mild Justice, with a smile, permits
 Still to pursue their darling plan,
 And find amusement how they can.

The beau, in gaudiest plumage dress'd
 With lucky fancy, o'er the rest
 Of air a curious mantle throws,
 And chats among his brother beaus;
 Or, if the weather's fine and clear,
 No sign of rain or tempest near,

Encourag'd by the cloudless day,
 Like gilded butterflies at play,
 So lively all, so gay, so brisk,
 In air they flutter, float, and frisk.

The belle (what mortal doth not know
 Belles after death admire a beau ?)
 With happy grace renews her art
 To trap the coxcomb's wand'ring heart;
 And after death, as whilst they live,
 A heart is all which beaux can give.

In some still, solemn, sacred shade,
 Behold a group of authors laid,
 Newspaper wits, and sonneteers,
 Gentlemen bards, and rhyming peers,
 Biographers, whose wondrous worth
 Is scarce remember'd now on earth,
 Whom Fielding's humour led astray,
 And plaintive fops, debauch'd by Gray,
 All sit together in a ring,
 And laugh and prattle, write and sing.

On his own works, with laurel crown'd,
 Neatly and elegantly bound,
 (For this is one of many rules
 With writing lords and laureat fools,
 And which for ever must succeed
 With other lords who cannot read,
 However destitute of wit,
 To make their works for bookcase fit)

Acknowledg'd master of those seats,
Cibber his Birth-day Odes repeats. 539

With triumph now possess that seat,
With triumph now thy Odes repeat;
Unrivall'd vigils proudly keep, 540

Whilst ev'ry hearer's lull'd to sleep;
But know, illustrious Bard! when Fate, 541

Which still pursues thy name with hate,
The regal laurel blasts, which now

Blooms on the placid Whitehead's brow,
Low must descend thy pride and fame, 542

And Cibber's be the second name." 543

Here Trifle cough'd, (for coughing still
Bears witness of the speaker's skill,

A necessary piece of art,
Of rhet'ric an essential part, 544

And adepts in the speaking trade
Keep a cough by them ready made,

Which they successfully dispense
When at a loss for words or sense) 545

Here Trifle cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He strove to recollect his smile, 546

That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,

Credulity, the child of Folly,
Begot on cloyster'd Melancholy;

Who heard, with grief, the florid fool
Turn sacred things to ridicule, 547

And saw him, led by whim away,
Still farther from the subject stray,
Just in the happy nick, aloud,
In shape of M—s, address'd the crowd: 566

"Were we with patience here to sit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of wit,
Till Trifle his harangue should end,
A Greenland night we might attend,
Whilst he, with fluency of speech, 568
Would various mighty nothings teach:
(Here Trifle, sternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd in a frown,
But Nature unawares slept in,
And, mocking, turn'd it to a grin) 570

And when, in Fancy's chariot hurl'd;
We had been carry'd round the world,
Involv'd in error still and doubt,
He'd leave us where we first set out.
Thus soldiers (in whose exercise 575
Material use with grandeur vies)
Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to set them down again.

Believe ye not (yes, all I see
In sound belief concur with me) 580
That Providence, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, this Spirit sends?
'Tho' speechless lay the trembling tongue,
Your faith was on your features hung;

Your faith I in your eyes could see, 585
 When all were pale and star'd like men
 But scruples to prevent, and root
 Out ev'ry shadow of dispute,
 Pompous, Plausible, and I,
 With Fanny, have agreed to try 590
 A deep-concerted scheme—this night
 To fix or to destroy her quite.
 If it be true, before we've done,
 We'll make it glaring as the sun;
 If it be false, admit no doubt, 595
 Ere morning's dawn we'll find it out.
 Into the vaulted womb of death,
 Where Fanny now, depriv'd of breath,
 Lies fest'ring, whilst her troubled spirit 600
 Adds horror to the gloom of night,
 Will we descend, and bring from thence
 Proofs of such force to common sense,
 Vain triflers shall no more deceive,
 And Atheists tremble and believe. 605

He said, and ceas'd; the chamber rung 610
 With due applause from ev'ry tongue;
 The mingled sound (now let me see
 Something by way of simile)
 Was it more like Strymonian cranes,
 Or winds low murmuring when it rains, 615
 Or drowsy hum of clustering bees,
 Or the hoarse roar of angry seas?

Or (still to heighten and explain,
For else our simile is vain)
Shall we declare it, like all four,
A scream, a murmur, hum, and roar?

Let fancy now in awful state

Present this great triumvirate,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In other cases by mankind)
Elected with a joint consent,
All fools in Town to represent.

The clock striketh twelve—M—e starts and swears.

In oaths, we know, as well as pray'rs,
Religion lies, and a church brother
May use at will or one or t' other;
Plausible from his cassock drew

A holy manual, seeming new;
A book it was of private pray'r,
But not a pin the worse for wear;

For, as we by the bye may say,
None but small saints in private pray.

Religion, fairest maid on earth!

As meek as good, who drew her birth
From that bless'd union, when in heav'n

Pleasure was bride to Virtue given;
Religion! ever pleas'd to pray,

Possess'd the precious gift one day;
Hypocrisy, of Cunning born,

Crept in and stole it ere the morn;

Wh—te—d, that greatest of all saints,
Who always prays, and never faints,
(Whom she to her own brothers bore,
Rapine and Lust, on Severn's shore)
Receiv'd it from the squinting Dame; 645
From him to Plausible it came,
Who, with unusual care oppress,
Now, trembling, pull'd it from his breast;
Doubts in his boding heart arise,
And fancy'd spectres blast his eyes; 650
Devotion springs from abject fear,
And ramps his pray'rs for once sincere,
Pomposo, (insolent and loud,
Vain idol of a scribbling crowd,
Whose very name inspires an awe, 655
Whose ev'ry word is sense and law,
For what his greatness hath decreed,
Like laws of Persia and of Mede,
Sacred thro' all the realm of Wit,
Must never of repeal admit; 660
Who, cursing flatt'ry, is the tool
Of ev'ry fawning, flatt'ring, fool;
Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
And sickens at another's praise;
Who, proudly seiz'd of Learning's throne, 665
Now damns all learning but his own;
Who scorns those common wares to trade in,
Reas'ning, convincing, and persuading,

But makes each sentence current pass
 With puppy, coxcomb, scoundrel, ass; 670
 For 'tis with him a certain rule,
 The folly's prov'd when he calls fool;
 Who, to increase his native strength,
 Draws words fix syllables in length,
 With which, assisted with a frown 675
 By way of club, he knocks us down;
 Who 'bove the vulgar dares to rise,
 And sense of decency defies;
 For this same decency is made
 Only for bunglers in the trade, 680
 And, like the cobweb laws, is still
 Broke thro' by great ones when they will)
 Pomposo, with strong sense supply'd,
 Supported, and confirm'd by Pride,
 His comrades' terrors to beguile 685
 Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile:
 Features so horrid, were it light,
 Would put the devil himself to flight.

Such were the three in name and worth,
 Whom Zeal and Judgment singled forth 690
 To try the sprite on reason's plan,
 Whether it was of God or man.
 Dark was the night; it was that hour
 When terror reigns in fullest pow'r,
 When, as the learn'd of old have said, 695
 The yawning grave gives up her dead;

When Murder, Rapine by her side,
Stalks o'er the earth with giant stride;
Our Quixotes (for that knight of old
Was not in truth by half so bold,
Tho' Reason at the same time cries,
Our Quixotes are not half so wise,
Since they, with other follies, boast
An expedition 'gainst a Ghost)
Thro' the dull deep surrounding gloom,
In close array, t'wards Fanny's tomb
Adventur'd forth—Caution before,
With heedful step, the lanthorn bore,
Pointing at graves; and in the rear,
Trembling, and talking loud, went Fear.
The churchyard seem'd—th' unsettled ground,
As in an ague, shook around;
While, in some dreary vault confin'd,
Or riding on the hollow wind,
Horror, which turns the heart to stone,
In dreadful sounds was heard to groan.
All staring, wild, and out of breath,
At length they reach the place of death.

A vault it was, long time apply'd
To hold the last remains of Pride:
No beggar there, of humble race,
And humble fortunes, finds a place;
To rest in pomp as well as ease,
The only way's to pay the fees.

Fools, rogues, and whores, if rich and great, 725
 Proud ev'n in death, here rot in state.
 No thieves disrobe the well-dress'd dead;
 No plumbers steal the sacred lead;
 Quiet and safe the bodies lie;
 No sextons sell, no surgeons buy. 730

Thrice each the ponderous key apply'd,
 And thrice to turn it vainly try'd,
 Till taught by Prudence to unite,
 And straining with collected might,
 The stubborn wards resist no more, 735
 But open flies the growling door.

Three paces back they fell, amaz'd,
 Like statues stood, like madmen gaz'd;
 The frighted blood forsakes the face,
 And seeks the heart with quicker pace; 740
 The throbbing heart its fears declares,
 And upright stand the bristled hairs;
 The head in wild distraction swims,
 Cold sweats bedew the trembling limbs;
 Nature, whilst fears her bosom chill, 745
 Suspends her pow'rs, and life stands still.

Thus had they stood till now; but Shame
 (An useful tho' neglected dame,
 By Heav'n design'd the friend of man,
 Tho' we degrade her all we can, 750
 And strive, as our first proof of wit,
 Her name and nature to forget)

Came to their aid in happy holy alliance;
 And with a wand of mighty pow'r
 Struck on their hearts; vain fears subside;
 And, baffled, leave the field to Pride.
 Shall they, (forbid it, Fame!) shall they
 The dictates of vile Fear obey?
 Shall they, the idols of the Town,
 To bugbears, fancy-form'd, bow down?
 Shall they, who greatest zeal express,
 And undertook for all the rest,
 Whose matchless courage all admire,
 Inglorious from the task retire?
 How would the wicked ones rejoice;
 And infidels exalt their voice;
 If M—e and Plausible were found,
 By shadows aw'd, to quit their ground?
 How would fools laugh, should it appear
 Pomposo was the slave of fear?
 "Perish the thought! tho' to our eyes
 In all its terrors hell should rise,
 "Tho' thousand Ghosts, in dread array,
 "With glaring eyeballs, cross our way;
 "Tho' Caution, trembling, stands aloof,
 "Still we will on, and dare the proof."
 They said; and, without farther halt,
 Dauntless march'd onward to the vault.
 What mortal men, who e'er drew breath,
 Shall break into the house of Death,

With foot unhallow'd, and from thence
 The myst'ries of that state dispense,
 Unless they, with dus rites, prepare
 Their weaker sense such sights to bear,
 And gain permission from the state,
 On earth their journal to relate,
 Poets themselves, without a crime,
 Cannot attempt it ev'n in rhyme,
 But always, on such grand occasion,
 Prepare a solemn invocation,
 A posy for grim Pluto weave,
 And in smooth numbers ask his leave.
 But why this caution? why prepare
 Rites needless now? for thrice in air
 The spirit of the Night hath sneez'd,
 And thrice hath clapp'd his wings well-pleas'd.
 Descend, then, Truth, and guard thy side;
 My Muse, my patroness, and guide!
 Let others at invention aim,
 And seek by falsities for fame;
 Our story wants not, at this time,
 Flounces and furbelows in rhyme;
 Relate plain facts; be brief and hold;
 And let the poets, fam'd of old,
 Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,
 In vain to find a parallel.
 Silent all three went in; about
 All three turn'd silent, and came out.

THE GHOST.

BOOK III.

It was the hour when Halfwife Morn
With pearl and linen hangs each thorn;
When happy bards, who can regale
Their Muse with country air and ale,
Ramble a-field to brooks and bow'rs,
To pick up sentiments and flow'rs;
When dogs and squires from kennel fly,
And hogs and farmers quit their sty;
When my Lord rises to the chase,
And brawney chaplain takes his place.
These images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly understood,
Sagacious readers must allow
Proclaim us in the country now;
For observations mostly rise
From objects just before our eyes,
And ev'ry lord, in critic wit,
Can tell you where the piece was writ;
Can point out as he goes along,
(And who shall dare to say he's wrong?)
Whether the warmth (for bards, we know,
At present never more than glow)

Was in the Town or country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.

It was the hour—~~the crinies frown,~~ 25

We now declare ourselves in Town,

Nor will a moment's pause allow
For finding when we came, or how.

The man who deals in humble prose,
Ty'd down, by rule and method goes; 30

But they who court the wig'rous Muse

Their carriage have a right to chuse,

Free as the air, and unconfin'd,

Swift as the motions of the mind,

The poet darts from place to place, 35

And instant bounds o'er time and space;

Nature (whilst blended fire and skill

Inflame our passions to his will)

Smiles at her violated laws,

And crowns his daring with applause. 40

Should there be still some rigid few

Who keep propriety in view,

Whose heads turn round, and cannot bear

This whirling passage thro' the air,

Free leave have such at home to sit, 45

And write a regimen for wit;

To clip our pinions let them try,

Not having heart themselves to fly.

It was the hour when devotees

Breathe pious curses on their knees; 50

When they with pray'rs the day begin
 To sanctify a night of sin,
 When rogues of modesty, who roam
 Under the veil of night, sneak home,
 That free from all restraint and awe,
 Just to the windward of the law,
 Let's modest rogues their tricks may play,
 And plunder in the face of day.

But hold—Whilst thus we play the fool,
 In bold contempt of ev'ry rule,
 Things of no consequence expressing,
 Describing now, and now distressing,
 To the discredit of our skill,
 The main concern is standing still.

In plays, indeed, when storms of rage
 Tempest'ous in the soul engage,
 Or when the spirits, weak and low,
 Are sunk in deep distress and woe,
 With strict propriety we hear
 Description stealing on the ear,
 And put off feeling half an hour
 To thatch a cot or paint a flower;
 But in these serious works, design
 To mend the morals of mankind,
 We must for ever be disgrac'd,
 With all the nicer sons of taste,
 If once, the shadow to pursue,
 We let the substance out of view.

Our means must uniformly tend
 In due proportion to their end,
 And ev'ry passage aptly join
 To bring about the one design.
 Our friends themselves cannot admit
 This rambling, wild, digressive, wit;
 No—not those very friends who found
 Their credit on the self-same ground.

Peace, my good grumbling Sir—For once,
 Sunk in the solemn, formal dance,
 This coxcomb shall your fears beguile—
 We will be dull—that you may smile.

Come, Method! come in all thy pride,
 Dulness and Whitehead by thy side;
 Dulness and Method still are one,
 And Whitehead is their darling son;
 Not he whose pen, above control,
 Struck terror to the guilty soul,
 Made Folly tremble thro' her state,
 And villains blush at being great;
 Whilst he himself, with steady face,
 Disdaining modesty and grace,
 Could blunder on thro' thick and thin,
 Thro' ev'ry mean and servile sin,
 Yet swear by Philip and by Paul
 He nobly scorn'd to blush at all;
 But he who in the Laureat chair,
 By grace, not merit, planted there,

In awkward pomp is seen to stand, who—
 And by his patent proves his wit;
 For favours of the great, we know,
 Can wit as well as rank bestow;
 And they who, without one pretension,
 Can get for fools a place or pension,
 Must able be suppos'd of course
 (If reason is allow'd due force)
 To give such qualities and grace
 As may equip them for the place.
 But he—who measures as he goes,
 A mongrel kind of tinkling prose,
 And is too frugal to dispense,
 At once, both poetry and sense;
 Who, from amidst his slumb'ring guards,
 Deals out a charge to subject hards,
 Where couplets after couplets creep
 Propitious to the reign of sleep;
 Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,
 And all his dictates pass for law
 With beaux, who simper all around,
 And belles who die in ev'ry sound:
 For in all things of this relation,
 Men mostly judge from situation,
 Nor in a thousand find we one
 Who really weighs what's said or done;
 They deal out censure, or give credit,
 Merely from him who did or said it.

But he—who, happily serene,
 Means nothing, yet would seem to mean,
 Who rules and cautions can dispense
 With all that humble insolence
 Which impudence in vain would teach,
 And none but modest men can reach,
 Who adds to sentiments the grace
 Of always being out of place,
 And drawls out morals with an air
 A gentleman would blush to wear;
 Who on the chafest, simplest plan,
 As chaste, as simple, as the man,
 Without or character or plot,
 Nature unknown and art forgot,
 Can, with much racking of the brains,
 And years consum'd in letter'd pains,
 A heap of words together lay,
 And, smirking, call the thing A Play;
 Who, champion sworn in virtue's cause,
 'Gainst vice his tiny bodkin draws,
 But to no part of prudence stranger,
 First blunts the point for fear of danger.
 So nurses sage, as caution works,
 When children first use knives and forks,
 For fear of mischief, it is known,
 To others' fingers or their own,
 To take the edge off wisely chuse,
 Tho' the same stroke takes off the use.

Thee, Whitehead! thee I now invoke,
 Sworn foe to satire's gen'rous stroke,
 Which makes unwilling conscience feel, 165
 And wounds, but only wounds to heal:
 Good-natur'd, easy creature! mild
 And gentle as a new-born child,
 Thy heart would never once admit
 Ev'n wholesome rigour to thy wit; 170
 Thy head, if conscience should comply,
 Its kind assistance would deny,
 And lend thee neither force nor art
 To drive it onward to the heart.
 O may thy sacred pow'r control 175
 Each fiercer working of my soul,
 Damp ev'ry spark of genuine fire,
 And languors like thine own inspire!
 Trite be each thought, and ev'ry line
 As moral and as dull as thine! 180
 Pois'd in mid-air—(it matters not
 To ascertain the very spot,
 Nor yet to give you a relation
 How it eluded gravitation—)
 Hung a watch-tow'r—by Vulcan plann'd, 185
 With such rare skill by Jove's command,
 That ev'ry word which whisper'd here
 Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
 On the still bosom of the air
 Is borne, and heard distinctly there. 190

The palace of an ancient dame,
Whom men as well as gods call Fame.

A prattling gossip, on whose tongue
Proof of perpetual motion hung,
Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass.

195

Like her own trumpet made of brass;
Who with an hundred pair of eyes
The vain attacks of sleep defies;

Who with an hundred pair of wings
News from the farthest quarters brings;
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that she knows, and ten times more.

200

Not all the virtues which we find
Concentred in a Hunter's mind,
Can make her spare the ranc'rous tale,

205

If in one point she chance to fail;
Or if, once in a thousand years,
A perfect character appears,

Such as of late with joy and pride
My soul possess'd ere Arrow dy'd;
Or such as envy must allow

210

The world enjoys in H—— now;
This hag, who aims at all alike,
At virtues ev'n like theirs will strike,

And make faults, in the way of trade,
When she can't find them ready made.

215

All things she takes in, small and great,
Talks of a toyshop and a state;

Of wits and fools, of saints and kings;
 Of garters, stars, and leading strings;
 Of old lords fumbling for a clap;
 And young ones full of pray'r and pap;
 Of courts, of morals, and tye-wigs,
 Of bears and serjeants dancing jigs;
 Of grave professors at the bar
 Learning to thrum on the guitar,
 Whilst laws are slubber'd o'er in haste,
 And judgment sacrific'd to taste;
 Of whited sepulchres, lawn sleeves,
 And God's house made a den of thieves;
 Of fun'ral pomps, where clamours hung,
 And fix'd disgrace on ev'ry tongue,
 Whilst Sense and Order blush'd to see
 Nobles without humanity;
 Of coronations where each heart,
 With honest raptures, bore a part;
 Of City feasts, where Elegance
 Was proud her colours to advance,
 And Gluttony, uncommon case,
 Could only get the second place;
 Of new-rai'd pillars in the state,
 Who must be good, as being great;
 Of shoulders on which honours sit
 Almost as clumsily as wit;
 Of doughty knights whom titles please,
 But not the payment of the fees;

Of lectures, whither ev'ry fool
 In second childhood goes to school;
 Of gray-beards, deaf to Reason's call,
 From Inn of Court, or City Hall,
 Whom youthful appetites enslave,
 With one foot fairly in the grave,
 By help of crutch, a needful brother,
 Learning of Hart to dance with t'other;
 Of doctors regularly bred
 To fill the mansions of the dead;
 Of quacks (for quacks they must be still,
 Who save when forms require to kill)
 Who life, and health, and vigour, give
 To him, not one would wish to live;
 Of artists who, with noblest view,
 Disinterested plans pursue,
 For trembling worth the ladder raise,
 And mark out the ascent to praise;
 Of arts and sciences, where meet,
 Sublime, profound, and all complete,
 A set (whom at some fitter time
 The Muse shall consecrate in rhyme)
 Who, humble artists to out-do,
 A far more lib'ral plan pursue,
 And let their well-judg'd premiums fall
 On those who have no worth at all;
 Of sign-post exhibitions rais'd
 For laughter more than to be prais'd.

(Tho' by the way we cannot see
Why praise and laughter mayn't agree)
Where genuine humour runs to waste,
And justly chides our want of taste,
Censur'd, like other things, tho' good,
Because they are not understood.

To higher subjects now she soars,
And talks of politics and whores;
(If to your nice and chaster ears,
That term indelicate appears,
Scripture politely shall refine
And melt it into Concubine)
In the same breath spread Bourbon's league,
And publishes the grand intrigue;
In Brussels or our own Gazette
Makes armies fight which never met,
And circulates the pox or plague,
To London by the way of Hague;
For all the lies which there appear
Stamp'd with authority come here;
Borrows as freely from the gabble
Of some rude leader of a rabble,
Or from the quaint harangues of those
Who lead a nation by the nose,
As from those storms which, void of art,
Burst from our honest patriot's heart,
When Eloquence and Virtue (late
Remark'd to live in mutual hate)

Fond of each other's friendship grown,
 Claim ev'ry sentence for their own,
 And with an equal joy recites
 Parade amours and half-pay fights,
 Perform'd by heroes of fair weather,
 Merely by dint of lace and feather,
 As those rare acts which Honour taught
 Our daring sons where Granby fought,
 Or those which, with superior skill,
 S—— achiev'd by standing still.
 This hag (the curious, if they please,
 May search, from earliest times, to these;
 And poets they will always see
 With gods and goddesses make free,
 Treating them all, except the Muse,
 As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes)
 Who had beheld, from first to last,
 How our triumvirate had past
 Night's dreadful interval, and heard,
 With strict attention, ev'ry word,
 Soon as she saw return of light,
 On sounding pinions took her flight.
 Swift thro' the regions of the sky,
 Above the reach of human eye,
 Onward she drove the furious blast,
 And rapid as a whirlwind past
 O'er countries, once the seats of taste,
 By time and ignorance laid waste;

O'er lands where former ages saw
 Reason and truth the only law
 Where arts and arms, and public love,
 In gen'rous emulation strove
 Where kings were proud of legal sway,
 And subjects happy to obey,
 The' now in slav'ry sunk, and broke
 To Superstition's galling yoke;
 Of arts, of arms, no more they tell,
 Or freedom, which with science fell
 By tyrants aw'd, who never find
 The passage to their people's mind
 To whom the joy was never known
 Of planting in the heart their throne;
 Far from all prospect of relief,
 Their hours in fruitless pray'rs and grief
 For loss of blessings they employ,
 Which we unthankfully enjoy.

Now is the time (had we the will)
 To amaze the reader with our skill,
 To pour out such a flood of knowledge
 As might suffice for a whole college,
 Whilst, with a true poetic force,
 We trac'd the goddess in her course,
 Sweetly describing, in our flight,
 Each common and uncommon sight,
 Making our journal gay and pleasant,
 With things long past and things now present.

Fond of each other's friendship grown, (The) by the
 Claim ev'ry sentence for their own, his praise and
 And with an equal joy recites *303*
 Parade amours and half-pay fights, *And justly chide*
 Perform'd by heroes of fair weather, *Constr'd, like*
 Merely by dint of lace and feather, *Because they are*
 As those rare acts which Honour taught *To high*
 Our daring sons where Granby fought, *Of tales of* *310*
 Or those which, with superior skill, *(It to your mind)*
 S—— achiev'd by standing still. *That term in*
 This hag (the curious, if they please, *Scripture*
 May search, from earliest times, to these; *And much*
 And poets they will always see *The same breath* *315*
 With gods and goddesses make free, *And publish'd*
 Treating them all, except the Muse, *In praise of*
 As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes) *Makes armies*
 Who had beheld, from first to last, *And circulates*
 How our triumvirate had pass'd *By the way* *320*
 Night's dreadful interval; and heard; *For all the*
 With strict attention; ev'ry word, *Stamp'd with*
 Soon as she saw return of light, *Borrow as*
 On sounding pinions took her flight, *Of some rude*
 Swift thro' the regions of the sky, *up and* *325*
 Above the reach of human eye, *Who lead a*
 Onward she drove the furious blast, *As from*
 And rapid as a whirlwind past, *Hurl from*
 O'er countries, once the seats of taste, *When Eloquence*
 By time and ignorance laid waste; *to live* *330*

O'er lands where former ages saw
 Reason and truth the only law;
 Where arts and arms, and public love,
 In gen'rous emulation strove;
 Where kings were proud of legal sway,
 And subjects happy to obey;
 The' now in slav'ry sunk, and broke
 To Superstition's galling yoke;
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 By tyrants aw'd, who never find
 The passage to their people's mind;
 To whom the joy was never known
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 Whilst, with a true poetic force,
 We trac'd the goddess in her course,
 Sweetly describing, in our flight,
 Each common and uncommon sight,
 Making our journal gay and pleasant,
 With things long past and things now present.

Rivers—once Nymphs—(a transformation)
 Is mighty pretty in relation
 From great authorities we know
 Will matter for a tale bestow
 To make the observation clear
 We give our friends an instance here

The day (that never is forgot)
 Was very fine, but very hot;
 The nymph (another gen'ral rule)
 Engam'd with heat, laid down to cool;
 Her hair (we no exceptions find)
 Wav'd careless, floating in the wind;
 Her heaving breasts, like summer foam,
 Seem'd am'rous of the playful breeze;
 Should fond Description tune our lays
 In choicest accents to her praise,
 Description we at last should find,
 Baffled and weak, would halt behind;
 Nature had form'd her to inspire
 In ev'ry bosom soft desire;
 Passions to raise, she could not feel,
 Wounds to inflict she would not heal;
 A god (his name is no great matter,
 Perhaps a Jove, perhaps a Satyr)
 Raging with lust, a godlike flame,
 By chance, as usual, thither came;
 With gloating eyes the fair one view'd;
 Desir'd her first, and then pursu'd;

She (for what other can she do?)
 Must fly—or how can he pursue?
 The Muse (so custom hath decreed)
 Now proves her spirit by her speed, 390
 Nor must one limping line disgrace
 The life and vigour of the race.
 She runs and he runs, till at length,
 Quite destitute of breath and strength,
 To Heav'n (for there we all apply 395
 For help, when there's no other nigh)
 She offers up her virgin pray'r,
 (Can virgins pray unpity'd there?)
 And when the god thinks he has caught her,
 Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water, 400
 Becomes a stream, in which the poet
 If he has any wit may show it.

A city once for pow'r renown'd,
 Now levell'd even to the ground,
 Beyond all doubt is a direction 405
 To introduce some fine reflection.

Ah! woeful me! ah! woeful man!
 Ah! woeful all, do all we can!
 Who can on earthly things depend
 From one to t' other moment's end? 410
 Honour, wit, genius, wealth, and glory,
 Good lack! good lack! are transitory;
 Nothing is sure and stable found,
 The very earth itself turns round:

Monarchs, nay, ministers, must die, 415
 Must rot, must stink—Ah, me! ah, why!—
 Cities themselves in time decay;
 If cities thus—ah! well-a-day!
 If brick and mortar have an end,
 On what can flesh and blood depend! 420
 Ah! woeful me! ah! woeful man!
 Ah! woeful all! do all we can!
 England, (for that's at last the scene,
 Tho' worlds on worlds should rise between,
 Whither we must our course pursue) 425
 England should call into review
 Times long since past indeed, but not
 By Englishmen to be forgot,
 Tho' England, once so dear to Fame,
 Sinks in Great Britain's dearer name. 430

Here could we mention chiefs of old,
 In plain and rugged honour bold,
 To virtue kind, to vice severe,
 Strangers to bribery and fear,
 Who kept no wretched clans in awe, 435
 Who never broke or warp'd the law;
 Patriots whom, in her better days,
 Old Rome might have been proud to raise;
 Who, steady to their country's claim,
 Boldly stood up in Freedom's name, 440
 Ev'n to the teeth of tyrant Pride,
 And when they could no more they dy'd.

There (striking contrast!) might we place
 A servile, mean, degen'rate race;
 Hirelings who valued nought but gold,
 By the best bidder bought and sold;
 Trauants from honour's sacred laws,
 Betrayers of their country's cause;
 The dupes of party, tools of pow'r,
 Slaves to the minion of an hour;
 Lackies who watch'd a favourite's nod,
 And took a puppet for their god.

Sincere and honest in our rhymes,
 How might we praise these happier times!
 How might the Muse exalt her lays,
 And wanton in a monarch's praise!
 Tell of a prince in England born,
 Whose virtues England's crown adorn,
 In youth a pattern unto age,
 So chaste, so pious, and so sage;
 Who true to all those sacred bands
 Which private happiness demands,
 Yet never lets them rise above
 The stronger ties of public love.

With conscious pride see England stand,
 Our holy Charter in her hand;
 She waves it round, and o'er the isle
 See Liberty and Courage smile!
 No more she mourns her treasures hurl'd
 In subsidies to all the world;

No more by foreign threats dismay'd,
 No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,
 She deals out fums to petty states,
 Whom Honour scorns and Reason hates,
 But wiser by experience grown,
 Finds safety in herself alone.

Whilst thus, she cries, " My children, stand,
 An honest, valiant, native band,
 A train'd militia, brave and free,
 True to their king, and true to me,
 No foreign hirelings shall be known,
 Nor need we hirelings of our own:
 Under a just and pious reign
 The statesman's sophistry is vain;
 Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
 These are my natural defence;
 Their faith I know, and they shall prove
 The bulwark of the king they love."

These, and a thousand things beside,
 Did we consult a poet's pride,
 Some gay, some serious, might be said,
 But ten to one they'd not be read;
 Or were they by some curious few,
 Not even those would think them true:
 For from the time that Jubal first
 Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
 Poets have always been suspected
 Of having truth in rhyme neglected.

That bard except who, from his youth
Equally fam'd for faith and truth,
By prudence taught, in courtly chime
To courtly ears brought truth in rhyme.

But tho' to poets we allow,
No matter when acquir'd or how,
From truth unbounded deviation,
Which custom calls Imagination,
Yet can't they be suppos'd to lie
One half so fast as Fame can fly;
Therefore (to solve this Gordian knot,
A point we almost had forgot)
To courteous readers be it known,
That, fond of verse and falsehood grown,
Whilst we in sweet digression sung,
Fame check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
And now pursues, with double force
And double speed, her destin'd course,
Nor stops till she the place arrives
Where Genius starves and Dulness thrives;
Where riches virtue are esteem'd,
And craft is truest wisdom deem'd;
Where Commerce proudly rears her throne
In state to other lands unknown;
Where to be cheated and to cheat;
Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet;
Where Christians, Jews, and Turks, shake hands,
United in commercial bands;

All of one faith, and that to own
No god but Interest alone!

When gods and goddesses come down
To look about them here in Town,
(For change of air is understood
By sons of Physic to be good,
In due proportions, now and then,
For these same gods as well as men)

By custom rul'd, and not a poet
So very dull but he must know it,
In order to remain incog.

They always travel in a fog;
For if we majesty expose

To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows;
The force is lost, and, free from awe,

We spy and censure ev'ry flaw;
But well preserv'd from public view
It always breaks forth fresh and new;

Pierce as the sun in all his pride
It shines, and not a spot's descry'd.

Was Jove to lay his thunder by,
And with his brethren of the sky
Descend to earth, and frisk about,

Like chatt'ring N***, from rout to rout,

He would be found, with all his host,
A nine days' wonder at the most.

Would we in trim our honours wear,
We must preserve them from the air;

What is familiar men neglect, 555
 However worthy of respect.
 Did they not find a certain friend
 In novelty to recommend,
 (Such we, by sad experience, find
 The wretched folly of mankind) 560
 Venus might unattractive shine,
 And H*** fix no eyes but mine.

But Fame, who never car'd a jot
 Whether she was admir'd or not,
 And never blush'd to shew her face 565
 At any time in any place,
 In her own shape, without disguise,
 And visible to mortal eyes,
 On 'Change, exact at seven o'clock
 Alighted on the weathercock, 570
 Which, planted there time out of mind,
 To note the changes of the wind,
 Might no improper emblem be
 Of her own mutability.

Thrice did she sound her trump, (the same) 575
 Which from the first belong'd to Fame,
 An old ill-favour'd instrument,
 With which the goddess was content,
 Tho' under a politer race
 Bagpipes might well supply its place) 580
 And thrice awaken'd by the sound,
 A gen'ral din prevail'd around;

Confusion thro' the City past;
And Fear bestrode the dreadful blast.

Those fragrant currents which we meet
Distilling soft thro' ev'ry street,
Affrighted from the usual course,
Ran murm'ring upwards to their source:
Statues wept tears of blood, as fast
As when a Cæsar breath'd his last:
Horses, which always us'd to go
A foot-pace in my Lord Mayor's show,
Impetuous from their stable broke,
And aldermen and oxen spoke:

Halls felt the force, tow'rs shook around,
And steeples nodded to the ground;
St. Paul himself (strange sight!) was seen
To bow as humbly as the Dean:
The Mansionhouse, for ever plac'd,
A monument of City taste,
Trembled, and seem'd aloud to groan
Thro' all that hideous weight of stone.
To still the sound, or stop her ears,
Remove the cause or sense of fears,
Phyfic, in college seated high,
Would any thing but med'cine try.
No more in Pewt'ers' Hall was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word;
Those seats were desolate become,
A hapless Elocution dumb.

Form, City-born, and City-bred,
By strict decorum ever led,
Who threescore years had known the grace
Of one dull, stiff, unvary'd pace;
Terror prevailing over Pride,
Was seen to take a larger stride;
Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,
See Av'rice closer hug his bags;
With her own weight unwieldy grown,
See Credit totter on her throne;
Virtue alone, had she been there,
The mighty sound, unmov'd, could bear.

Up from the gorgeous bed, where Fate
Dooms annual fools to sleep in state,
To sleep so sound, that not one gleam
Of fancy can provoke a dream,
Great Dulman started at the sound,
Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and star'd around.
Much did he wish to know, much fear,
Whence sounds so horrid struck his ear,
So much unlike those peaceful notes,
That equal harmony which flotes
On the dull wing of City air,
Grave prelude to a feast or fair:
Much did he inly ruminate
Concerning the decrees of Fate,
Revolving, tho' to little end,
What this same trumpet might portend.

Could the French ~~No~~ that could not be
 Under Bute's active ministry,
 Too watchful to be so deceiv'd,
 Have stolen hither unperceiv'd,
 To Newfoundland, indeed, we know
 Fleets of war unobserv'd may go;
 Or, if observ'd, may be suppos'd,
 At intervals when reason doz'd,
 No other point in view to bear
 But pleasure, health, and change of air;
 But Reason ne'er could sleep so sound
 To let an enemy be found
 In our land's heart, ere it was known
 They had departed from their own.
 Or could his successor, (Ambition
 Is ever haunted with suspicion)
 His daring successor elect,
 All customs, rules, and forms, reject
 And aim, regardless of the crime,
 To seize the chair before his time?
 Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
 Seeing his countrymen in pow'r,
 Those countrymen who, from the first,
 In tumults and rebellion nurs'd,
 Howe'er they wear the mask of art,
 Still love a Stewart in their heart)
 Could Scottish Charles ~~—~~
 Conjecture thus,
 That mental *ignis fatuus*

Led his poor brains a weary dance
 From France to England; hence to France;
 Till Information (in the shape of
 Of chaplin learned, good Sir Grape;
 A lazy, lounging, pamper'd priest,
 Well known at ev'ry City feast,
 For he was seen much oft'ner there
 Than in the house of God at pray'r;
 Who always ready in his place,
 Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace;
 Tho', as the best historians write,
 Less fam'd for faith than appetite;
 His disposition to reveal,
 The grace was short, and long the meal;
 Who always would excess admit,
 If haunch or turtle came with it,
 And ne'er engag'd in the defence
 Of self-denying Abstinence,
 When he could fortunately meet
 With any thing he lik'd to eat;
 Who knew that wine, on Scripture plan,
 Was made to cheer the heart of man;
 Knew too, by long experience taught,
 That cheerfulness was kill'd by thought;
 And from those premisses collected,
 (Which few perhaps would have suspected)
 That none who, with due share of sense,
 Observ'd the ways of Providence,

Could with safe conscience leave off drinking 693
 Till they had lost the pow'r of thinking;
 With eyes half-clos'd came waddling in,
 And, having strok'd his double chin,
 (That chin, whose credit to maintain
 Against the scoffs of the profane, 700
 Had cost him more than ever state
 Paid for a poor electorate,
 Which, after all the cost and rout
 It had been better much without)
 Briefly (for breakfast, you must know,
 Was waiting all the while below) 705
 Related, bowing, to the ground,
 The cause of that uncommon sound;
 Related, too, that at the door
 Pomposo, Plausible, and M—e, 710
 Begg'd that Fame might not be allow'd
 Their shame to publish to the crowd;
 That some new laws he would provide,
 (If old could not be misapply'd
 With as much ease and safety there 715
 As they are misapply'd elsewhere)
 By which it might be constru'd treason
 In man to exercise his reason,
 Which might ingeniously devise
 One punishment for truth and lies, 720
 And fairly prove, when they had done,
 That truth and falsehood were but one;

Which juries must indeed retain,
 But their effect should render vain,
 Making all real pow'r to rest
 In one corrupted rotten breast,
 By whose false gloss the very Bible
 Might be interpreted a libel.

M**** (who, his reverence to save,
 Pleaded the fool to screen the knave,
 Tho' all who witness'd on his part
 Swore for his head against his heart)
 Had taken down, from first to last,
 A just account of all that past;
 But since the gracious will of Fate,
 Who mark'd the child for wealth and state,
 Ev'n in the cradle, had decreed
 The mighty Dulman ne'er should read,
 That office of disgrace to bear
 The smooth-lipp'd Plausible was there;
 From H***** ev'n to Clerkenwell,
 Who knows not smooth-lipp'd Plausible?
 A preacher deem'd of greatest note
 For preaching that which others wrote.

Had Dulman now (and fools, we see,
 Seldom want curiosity)
 Consented (but the mourning shade
 Of Gascoyne hasten'd to his aid,
 And in his hand, what could he more?
 Triumphant Canning's picture bore)

That our three heroes should advance
And read their comical romance,
How rich a feast, what royal fare,
We for our readers might prepare!
So rich, and yet so safe a feast, 755
That no one foreign blatant beast,
Within the purlicus of the law,
Should dare thereon to lay his paw,
And, growling, cry, with surly tone,
Keep off—this feast is all my own. 760

Bending to earth the downcast eye,
Or planting it against the sky,
As one immers'd in deepest thought,
Or with some holy vision caught,
His hands, to aid the traitor's art, 765
Devoutly folded o'er his heart;
Here M****, in fraud well skill'd, should go
All faint, with solemn step and flow.
O that Religion's sacred name,
Meant to inspire the purest flame, 770
A prostitute should ever be
To that arch-fiend Hypocrisy,
Where we find ev'ry other vice
Crown'd with damn'd sneaking cowardice!
Bold sin reclaim'd is often seen; 775
Past hope that man who dares be mean.

There, full of flesh, and full of grace,
With that fine round unmeaning face

Which Nature gives to sons of earth,
 Whom she designs for ease and mirth,
 Should the prim Plausible be seen,
 Observe his stiff affected mien;
 'Gainst Nature, arm'd by gravity,
 His features too in buckle see;
 See with what sanctity he reads,
 With what devotion tells his beads!
 Now, Prophet! shew me, by thine art,
 What's the religion of his heart:
 Shew there, if truth thou canst unfold,
 Religion centred all in gold;
 Shew him, nor fear correction's rod,
 As false to friendship as to God.
 Horrid, unwieldy, without form,
 Savage as ocean in a storm,
 Of size prodigious, in the rear,
 That post of honour, should appear
 Pomposo. Fame around should tell
 How he a slave to int'rest fell;
 How, for integrity renown'd,
 Which booksellers have often found,
 He for subscribers baits his hook,
 And takes their cash—but where's the book?
 No matter where—wise Fear, we know,
 Forbids the robbing of a foe;
 But what, to serve our private ends,
 Forbids the cheating of our friends?

No man alive who would not swear
 All's safe, and therefore honest there;
 For, spite of all the learned say,
 If we to truth attention pay, 810
 The word Dishonesty is meant
 For nothing else but punishment.
 Fame, too, should tell, nor heed the threat
 Of rogues who brother rogues abet, 815
 Nor tremble at the terrors hung
 Aloft, to make her hold her tongue;
 How to all principles untrue,
 Not fix'd to old friends nor to new,
 He damns the pension which he takes,
 And loves the Stewart he forsakes. 820
 Nature (who, justly regular,
 Is very seldom known to err,
 But now and then in sportive mood,
 As some rude wits have understood,
 Or thro' much work requir'd in haste, 825
 Is with a random stroke disgrac'd)
 Pompous, form'd on doubtful plan,
 Not quite a beast nor quite a man;
 Like—God knows what—for never yet 830
 Could the most subtle human wit
 Find out a monster which might be
 The shadow of a simile.
 These three, these great, these mighty, three! 835
 Nor can the poet's truth agree,

Howe'er report hath done him wrong, 835
And warp'd the purpose of his song,
Amongst the refuse of their race,
The sons of Infamy to place,

That open, gen'rous, manly mind,
Which we, with joy, in Aldrich find. 840

These three, who now are faintly shown,
Just sketch'd, and scarcely to be known,

If Dulman their request had heard,
In stronger colours had appear'd,

And friends, tho' partial, at first view, 845
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.

But had their journal been display'd,
And the whole process open laid,

What a vast unexhausted field
For mirth must such a journal yield! 850

In her own anger strongly charm'd,
'Gainst hope, 'gainst fear, by conscience arm'd,

Then had bold Satire made her way,
Knights, lords, and dukes, her destin'd prey.

But Prudence, ever sacred name, 855
To those who feel not virtue's flame,

Or only feel it, at the best,
As the dull dupe of interest,

Whisper'd aloud (for this we find
A custom current with mankind, 860

So loud to whisper, that each word
May all around be plainly heard;

And Prudence sure would never miss
 A custom so contriv'd as this
 Her candour to secure, yet aim
 Sure death against another's fame
 Knights, lords, and dukes—Mad wretch! forbear,
 Dangers unthought of ambush there;
 Confine thy rage to weaker slaves,
 Laugh at small fools, and lash small knaves,
 But never, helpless, mean, and poor,
 Rush on where laws cannot secure,
 Nor think thyself, mistaken youth!
 Secure in principles of truth:
 Truth! why shall ev'ry wretch of letters
 Dare to speak truth against his betters!
 Let ragged Virtue stand aloof,
 Nor mutter accents of reproof;
 Let ragged Wit a mute become,
 When Wealth and Pow'r would have her dumb;
 For who the devil doth not know
 That titles and estates bestow
 An ample stock, where'er they fall,
 Of graces which we mental call?
 Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
 Are rogues and fools by situation;
 The rich and great are understood
 To be of course both wise and good;
 Consult then int'rest more than pride,
 Discreetly take the stronger side;

Desert, in time, the simple few,
 Who virtue's barren path pursue;
 Adopt my maxims—follow me—
 To Baal bow the prudent knee;
 Deny thy God, betray thy friend;
 At Baal's altars hourly bend,
 So shalt thou rich and great be seen;
 To be great now you must be mean.
 Hence, Tempter! to some weaker soul,
 Which fear and interest control;
 Vainly thy precepts are address'd,
 Where virtue steels the steady breast;
 Thro' meanness wade to boasted pow'r
 Thro' guilt repeated ev'ry hour;
 What is thy gain when all is done,
 What mighty laurels hast thou won?
 Dull crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
 Praise thee for virtues not thy own;
 But will, at once man's scourge and friend,
 Impartial Conscience too commend?
 From her reproaches canst thou fly?
 Canst thou with worlds her silence buy?
 Believe it not—her stings shall find
 A passage to thy coward mind;
 There shall she fix her sharpest dart;
 There shew thee truly as thou art,
 Unknown to those by whom thou'rt priz'd,
 Known to thyself to be despis'd.

The man who weds the sacred Muse
 Disdains all mercenary views,
 And he who Virtue's throne would rear,
 Laughs at the phantoms rais'd by fear.
 Tho' Folly, rob'd in purple, shines,
 Tho' vice exhausts Peruvian mines,
 Yet shall they tremble, and turn pale,
 When Satire wields her mighty sail;
 Or should they, of rebuke afraid,
 With Melcombe seek hell's deepest shade,
 Satire, still mindful of her aim,
 Shall bring the cowards back to shame. 930

Hated by many, lov'd by few,
 Above each little private view,
 Honest, tho' poor, (and who shall dare,
 To disappoint my boasting there?)
 Hardy and resolute, tho' weak,
 The dictates of my heart to speak,
 Willing I bend at Satire's throne;
 What pow'r I have be all her own. 935

Nor shall yon' lawyer's specious art,
 Conscious of a corrupted heart,
 Create imaginary fears,
 To damp us in our bold career.
 Why should we fear; and what? the laws?
 They all are arm'd in virtue's cause;
 And aiming at the self-same end,
 Satire is always virtue's friend. 945

Nor shall that Muse whose honest rage,
In a corrupt degen'rate age,
(When, dead to ev'ry nicer sense,
Deep sunk in vice and indolence,
The spirit of old Rome was broke
Beneath the tyrant fiddler's yoke)
Banish'd the rose from Nero's cheek,
Under a Brunswick fear to speak.

Drawn by conceit from reason's plan,
How vain is that poor creature, man!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf
To prate about that thing himself!
After my promise made in rhyme,
And meant in earnest, at that time,
To jog, according to the mode,
In one dull pace, in one dull road.
What but that curse of heart and head
To this digression could have led?
Where plung'd, in vain I look about,
And can't stay in, nor well get out.
Could I, whilst Humour held the quill,
Could I digress with half that skill;
Could I with half that skill return,
Which we so much admire in Sterne,
Where each digression, seeming vain,
And only fit to entertain,
Is found, on better recollection,
To have a just and nice connexion;

To help the whole with wondrous art, 975
 Whence it seems idly to depart;
 Then should our readers ne'er accuse
 These wild excursions of the Muse;
 Ne'er backward turn dull pages o'er
 To recollect what went before; 980
 Deeply impress'd, and ever new,
 Each image past should start to view,
 And we to Dulman now come in,
 As if we ne'er had absent been

Have you not seen, when danger's near, 985
 The coward cheek turn white with fear?
 Have you not seen, when danger's fled,
 The self-same cheek with joy turn red?
 These are low symptoms, which we find
 Fit only for a vulgar mind, 990
 Where honest features, void of art,
 Betray the feelings of the heart:
 Our Dulman with a face was blest'd
 Where no one passion was express'd;
 His eye, in a fine stupor caught,
 Imply'd a plent'ous lack of thought; 995
 Nor was one line that whole face seen
 Which could be justly charg'd with meaning.

To Avarice by birth ally'd,
 Debauch'd by marriage into pride; 1000
 In age grown fond of youthful sports,
 Of poms, of vanities, and courts,

And by success too mighty made
To love his country or his trade;
Stiff in opinion, (no rare case
With blockheads in or out of place)
Too weak and insolent of soul
To suffer reason's just control,
But bending, of his own accord,
To that trim transient toy, my Lord;
The dupe of Scots, (a fatal race,
Whom God in wrath contriv'd to place
To scourge our crimes and gall our pride,
A constant thorn in England's side;
Whom first, our greatness to oppose,
He in his vengeance mark'd for foes,
Then, more to serve his wrathful ends,
And more to curse us, mark'd for friends)
Deep in the state, if we give credit
To him, for no one else e'er said it,
Sworn friend of great ones not a few,
Tho' he their titles only knew,
And those (which envious of his breeding,
Book-worms have charg'd to want of reading)
Merely to shew himself polite
He never would pronounce aright;
An orator with whom a host
Of those which Rome and Athens boast,
In all their pride might not contend,
Who with no pow'rs to recommend,

Whilst Jackey Hume and Billy Whitehead,
 And Dicky Glover, sat delighted,
 Could speak whole days in Nature's spite,
 Just as those able versemen write;
 Great Dulman from his bed arose—
 Thrice did he spit—thrice wip'd his nose—
 Thrice strove to smile—thrice strove to frown—
 And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
 Then silence broke—"Crape, who am I?"
 Crape bow'd, and smil'd an arch reply.
 "Am I not, Crape?—I am, you know,
 Above all those who are below.
 Have I not knowledge? and for wit,
 Money will always purchase it;
 Nor, if it needful should be found,
 Will I grudge ten or twenty pound,
 For which the whole stock may be bought
 Of scoundrel wits not worth a groat.
 But lest I should proceed too far,
 I'll feel my friend the Minister,
 (Great men, Crape, must not be neglected)
 How he in this point is affected;
 For as I stand a magistrate,
 To serve him first and next the state,
 Perhaps he may not think it fit
 To let his magistrates have wit.

Boast I not, at this very hour,
 Those large effects which troop with pow'r?

Am I not mighty in the land?

Do not I sit whilst others stand? 1060

Am I not with rich garments grac'd,

In seat of honour always plac'd?

And do not Cits of chief degree,

Tho' proud to others, bend to me?

Have I not, as a Justice ought, 1065

The laws such wholesome rigour taught,

That Fornication, in disgrace,

Is now afraid to shew her face,

And not one whore these walls approaches

Unless they ride in our own coaches? 1070

And shall this Fame, an old poor strumpet,

Without our license sound her trumpet,

And, envious of our City's quiet,

In broad day-light blow up a riot?

If insolence like this we bear, 1075

Where is our state? our office where?

Farewell all honours of our reign,

Farewell the neck-ennobling chain,

Freedom's known badge o'er all the globe,

Farewell the solemn-spreading robe, 1080

Farewell the sword, farewell the mace,

Farewell all title, pomp, and place;

Remov'd from men of high degree,

(A loss to them, Crape, not to me)

Banish'd to Chippenham or to Frome, 1085

Dulman once more shall ply the loom."

Crape, lifting up his hands and eyes,
 "Dulman—the loom—at Chippenham"—cries;
 "If there be pow'rs which greatness love,
 Which rule below, but dwell above,
 Those pow'rs united all shall join
 To contradict the rash design.

Sooner shall stubborn Will lay down
 His opposition with his gown;
 Sooner shall Temple leave the road
 Which leads to Virtue's mean abode;
 Sooner shall Scots this country quit,
 And England's foes be friends to Pitt,
 Than Dulman, from his grandeur thrown,
 Shall wander outcast and unknown.
 Sure as that cane, (a cane there stood
 Near to a table made of wood,
 Of dry fine wood a table made,
 By some rare artist in the trade,
 Who had enjoy'd immortal praise
 If he had liv'd in Homer's days)
 Sure as that cane, which once was seen
 In pride of life all fresh and green,
 The banks of Indus to adorn,
 Then of its leafy honours shorn,
 According to exactest rule,
 Was fashion'd by the workman's tool,
 And which at present we behold
 Curiously polish'd, crown'd with gold,

With gold well wrought; sure as that came
 Shall never on its native plain
 Strike root afresh, shall never more
 Flourish in tawny India's shore,
 So sure shall Dulman and his race
 To latest times this station grace.

Dulman, who all this while had kept
 His eyelids clos'd as if he slept,
 Now looking stedfastly on Crape,
 As at some god in human shape—
 "Crape, I protest, you seem to me
 To have discharg'd a prophecy:
 Yes—from the first it doth appear
 Planted by Fate, the Dulmans here
 Have always held a quiet reign,
 And here shall to the last remain.

Crape, they're all wrong about this Ghost—
 Quite on the wrong side of the post—
 Blockheads! to take it in their head
 To be a message from the dead,
 For that by Mission they design,
 A word not half so good as mine,
 Crape—here it is—start not one doubt—
 A plot—a plot—I've found it out."
 "O God!"—cries Crape,—“how bless'd the nation,
 Where one son boasts such penetration!

Crape, I've not time to tell you now
 When I discover'd this, or how;

To Stentor go—if he's not there,
 His place let Bully Norton bear—
 Our citizens to council call—
 Let all meet—'tis the cause of all:
 Let the three witnesses attend,
 With allegations to befriend,
 To swear just so much, and no more,
 As we instruct them in before.

Stay—Crape—come back—What, don't you see
 Th' effects of this discovery?
 Dulman all care and toil endures—
 The profit, Crape, will all be your's,
 A mitre, (for, this arduous task
 Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I ask)
 A mitre (and perhaps the best)
 Shall, thro' my int'rest, make thee blest:
 And at this time, when gracious Fate
 Dooms to the Seet the reins of state,
 Who is more fit (and for your use
 We could some instances produce)
 Of England's church to be the head,
 Than you, a Presbyterian bred?
 But when thus mighty you are made,
 Unlike the brethren of thy trade,
 Be grateful, Crape, and let me not,
 Like old Newcastle, be forgot.

But an affair, Crape, of this size
 Will ask from conduct vast supplies;

It must not, as the vulgar say, be done in hugger-mugger way;
 Traitors, indeed, (and that's discreet) who hatch the plot in private meet:
 They should in public go, no doubt, whose bus'ness is to find it out.
 To-morrow—if the day appear—likely to turn out fair and clear—
 Proclaim a grand processionade—be all the City-pomp display'd;
 Let the 'Train-bands'—Crape shook his head—
 They heard the trumpet, and were fled—"Well"—cries the Knight—"if that's the case,
 My servants shall supply their place—My servants—mine alone—no more
 Than what my servants did before—Dost not remember, Crape, that day,
 When, Dulman's grandeur to display, As all too simple and too low,
 Our City friends were thrust below, Whilst, as more worthy of our love,
 Courtiers were entertain'd above? Tell me, who waited then? and how?
 My servants—mine—and why not now? In haste then, Crape, to Stentor go—
 But send up Hart, who waits below; With him, till you return again,
 (Reach me my spectacles and cane)

I'll make a proof how I advance in
My new accomplishment of dancing,

Not quite so fast as lightning flies,

Wing'd with red anger, thro' the skies;

Not quite so fast as, sent by Jove,

Iris descends on wings of love;

Not quite so fast as Terror rides

When he the chafing winds bestrides.

Crape hobbled—but his mind was good—

Cou'd he go faster than he cou'd!

Near to that tow'r which, as we're told,

The mighty Julius rais'd of old;

Where, to the block by Justice led,

The rebel Scot hath often bled;

Where arms are kept so clean, so bright,

'Twere sin they should be soil'd in fight;

Where brutes of foreign race are shown

By brutes much greater of our own;

Fast by the crowded Thames is found

An ample square of sacred ground,

Where artless Eloquence presides,

And Nature ev'ry sentence guides.

Here female parliaments debate

About religion, trade, and state;

Here ev'ry Naiad's patriot soul,

Disdaining foreign base control,

Despising French, despising Erse,

Pours forth the plain Old English curse,

And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The honours of the vulgar tongue.

Here Stentor, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out law;
Twelve furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly and distinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd and swell'd the mighty sound.
The loudest virgin of the stream,
Compar'd with him, would silent seem;
Thames, (who, enrag'd to find his course
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Against the bridge indignant roars,
And lashes the resounding shores)
Compar'd with him, at lowest tide,
In softest whispers seems to glide.

Hither directed by the noise,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
Thro' too much zeal and haste made lame,
The rev'rend slave of Dulman came.

Stentor—with such a serious air,
With such a face of solemn care,
As might import him to contain
A nation's welfare in his brain—
“Stentor”—cries Crape—“I'm hither sent
On bus'ness of most high intent,
Great Dulman's orders to convey;
Dulman commands, and I obey:

Big with those throes which patriots feel, 1255
 And lab'ring for the commonweal,
 Some secret, which forbids him rest,
 Tumbles and tosses in his breast;
 Tumbles and tosses to get free,
 And thus the Chief commands by me 1260
 To-morrow, if the day appear
 Likely to turn out fair and clear—
 Proclaim a grand processionade—
 Be all the City-pomp display'd—
 Our citizens to council call—
 Let all meet—'tis the cause of all." 1266

THE GHOST.

BOOK IV.

Coxcombs, who vainly make pretence
To something of exalted sense
'Bove other men, and, gravely wise,
Affect those pleasures to despise
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind;
Rail at all pomp; they would not go
For millions to a puppet-show;
Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing pantomime;
No, not at Covent-Garden, where,
Without a head for play or play'r,
Or, could a head be found most fit,
Without one play'r to second it,
They must, obeying Folly's call,
Thrive by mere shew, or not at all.
With these grave fops, who (bless their brains!)
Most cruel to themselves, take pains
For wretchedness, and would be thought
Much wiser than a wise man ought,
For his own happiness, to be,
Who what they hear, and what they see,

And what they smell, and taste, and feel,
 Distrust, till Reason sets her seal,
 And, by long trains of consequences 25
 Enfur'd, gives sanction to the senses;
 Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waste
 One hour in what the world calls Taste,
 Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry,
 Unless they know some reason why 30
 With these grave sops, whose system seems
 To give up certainty for dreams,
 The eye of man is understood
 As for no other purpose good
 Than as a door, thro' which of course 35
 Their passage crowding objects force,
 A downright usher, to admit
 New-comers to the court of Wit;
 (Good Gravity! forbear thy spleen,
 When I say wit I wisdom mean) 40
 Where (such the practice of the court,
 Which legal precedents support)
 Not one idea is allow'd
 To pass unquestion'd in the crowd,
 But ere it can obtain the grace 45
 Of holding in the brain a place,
 Before the chief in congregation
 Must stand a strict examination:
 Not such as those who physic twirl,
 Full fraught with death from ev'ry curl; 50

Who prove, with all becoming state,
 Their voice to be the voice of Fate,
 Prepar'd with essence, drop, and pill,
 To be another Ward or Hill,
 Before they can obtain their ends,
 To sign death-warrants for their friends,
 And talents vast as theirs employ,
Secundem artem to destroy,
 Must pass (or laws their rage restrain)
 Before the chiefs of Warwick Lane:
 Thrice happy Lane! where, uncontroll'd,
 In pow'r and lethargy grown old,
 Most fit to take, in this bless'd land,
 The reins which fell from Wyndham's hand,
 Her lawful throne great Dulness rears,
 Still more herself as more in years;
 Where she, (and who shall dare deny
 Her right, when Reeves and Chauncy's by)
 Calling to mind, in ancient time,
 One Garth, who err'd in wit and rhyme,
 Ordains, from henceforth, to admit
 None of the rebel sons of Wit,
 And makes it her peculiar care
 That Schomberg never shall be there.

Not such as those whom Folly trains
 To letters tho' unblest'd with brains,
 Who, destitute of pow'r and will
 To learn, are kept to learning still;

Whose heads, when other methods fail,
 Receive instruction from the tail,
 Because their fires, a common cause,
 Which brings the children to disgrace,
 Imagine it a certain rule
 They never could beget a fool,
 Must pass, or must compound for, ere
 The chaplain, full of beef and pray'r,
 Will give his reverend permit,
 Announcing them for orders fit;
 So that the prelate (what's a name? I
 All prelates now are much the same)
 May, with a conscience safe and quiet,
 With holy hands lay on that Fiat
 Which doth all faculties dispense,
 All sanctity, all faith, all sense;
 Makes Madam quite a saint appear,
 And makes an oracle of Cheere.

Not such as in that solemn seat,
 Where the Nine Ladies hold retreat,
 The Ladies Nine, who, as we're told,
 Scorning those haunts they lov'd of old,
 The banks of Isis now prefer,
 Nor will one hour from Oxford stir,
 Are held for forin, which Balaam's ass
 As well as Balaam's self might pass,
 And with his master take degrees,
 Could he contrive to pay the fees.

Men of sound parts, who, deeply read,
O'erload the storehouse of the head
With furniture they ne'er can use,
Cannot forgive our rambling Muse
This wild excursion; cannot see
Why Physic and Divinity,
To the surprise of all beholders,
Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders;
Or how, in any point of view,
Oxford hath any thing to do:
But men of nice and subtle learning,
Remarkable for quick discerning,
Thro' spectacles of critic mould,
Without instruction, will behold
That we a method here have got
To shew what is by what is not;
And that our drift (parenthesis
For once apart) is briefly this.

Within the brain's most secret cells
A certain Lord Chief Justice dwells,
Of sov'reign pow'r, whom, one and all,
With common voice, we Reason call;
Tho', for the purposes of satire,
A name, in truth, is no great matter;
Jeff'ries or Mansfield, which you will,
It means a Lord Chief Justice still.
Here, so our great projectors say,
The senses all must homage pay;

Hither they all must tribute bring,
 And prostrate fall before their king.
 Whatever unto them is brought,
 Is carry'd on the wings of thought
 Before his throne, where, in full state,
 He on their merits holds debate,
 Examines, cross-examines, weighs
 Their right to censure or to praise;
 Nor doth his equal voice depend
 On narrow views of foe and friend,
 Nor can or flattery or force
 Divert him from his steady course;
 The channel of inquiry's clear,
 No sham-examination's here.

He, upright Justicer! no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
 Adjusts and settles in a trice
 What virtue is, and what is vice;
 What is perfection, what defect;
 What we must chuse, and what reject;
 He takes upon him to explain
 What pleasure is, and what is pain;
 Whilst we, obedient to the whim,
 And resting all our faith on him,
 True members of the Stoic weal,
 Must learn to think, and cease to feel.

This glorious system form'd, for man
 To practise when and how he can,

If the five senses in alliance
 To reason hurl a proud defiance,
 And, tho' oft' conquer'd, yet unbroke,
 Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
 Which they a greater slav'ry hold
 Than Jewish bondage was of old;
 Or if they, something touch'd with shame,
 Allow him to retain the name
 Of Royalty, and, as in sport,
 To hold a mimic formal court,
 Permitted, no uncommon thing,
 To be a kind of puppet king,
 And suffer'd, by the way of toy,
 To hold a globe, but not employ,
 Our system-mongers, struck with fear,
 Prognosticate destruction near;
 All things to anarchy must run;
 The little world of man's undone,

Nay, should the eye, that nicest sense,
 Neglect to send intelligence
 Unto the brain, distinct and clear,
 Of all that passes in her sphere;
 Should she presumpt'ous joy receive
 Without the understanding's leave,
 They deem it rank and daring treason
 Against the monarchy of Reason,
 Not thinking, tho' they're wondrous wise,
 That few have reason, most have eyes;

So that the pleasures of the mind
 To a small circle are confin'd,
 Whilst those which to the senses fall
 Become the property of all.
 Besides, (and this is sure a case
 Not much at present out of place)
 Where Nature reason doth deny,
 No art can that defect supply;
 But if (for it is our intent
 Fairly to state the argument)
 A man should want an eye or two,
 The remedy is sure, tho' new;
 The cure's at hand—no need of fear—
 For proof—behold the Chevalier—
 As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
 To put eyes in as put them out.
 But, argument apart, which tends
 To embitter foes and separate friends,
 (Nor, turn'd apostate for the Nine,
 Would I, tho' bred up a divine,
 And foe of course to Reason's weal,
 Widen that breach I cannot heal)
 By his own sense and feelings taught,
 In speech as lib'ral as in thought,
 Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;
 What's he to me, or I to him?
 Might I, tho' never rob'd in ermine,
 A matter of this weight determine,

No penalties should settled be
 To force men to hypocrisy,
 To make them ape an awkward zeal,
 And, feeling not, pretend to feel.
 I would not have, might sentence rest
 Finally fix'd within my breast,
 Ev'n Annet censur'd and confin'd,
 Because we're of a diff'rent mind.
 Nature, who in her act most free,
 Herself delights in liberty,
 Profuse in love, and, without bound,
 Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
 Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed
 In double portions on our head,
 We could not truly bounteous call,
 If freedom did not crown them all.

By Providence forbid to stray,
 Brutes never can mistake their way;
 Determin'd still, they plod along,
 By instinct, neither right nor wrong;
 But man, had he the heart to use
 His freedom, hath a right to chuse;
 Whether he acts or well or ill
 Depends entirely on his will.
 To her last work, her fav'rite man,
 Is given on Nature's better plan,
 A privilege in pow'r to err;
 Nor let this phrase resentment stir

Amongst the grave ones, since, indeed,
 The little merit man can plead
 In doing well dependeth still
 Upon his pow'r of doing ill.

Opinions should be free as air;
 No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
 His qualities, a claim can found
 That my opinion must be bound,
 And square with his; such slavish chains
 From foes the lib'ral soul disdains;
 Nor can, tho' true to friendship, bend
 To wear them even from a friend.

Let those who rigid judgment own
 Submissive bow at Judgment's throne,
 And if they of no value hold
 Pleasure, till pleasure is grown cold,
 Pall'd and insipid, forc'd to wait

For Judgment's regular debate
 To give it warrant, let them find
 Dull subjects suited to their mind.

Theirs be slow wisdom; be my plan
 To live as merry as I can,
 Regardless as the fashions go,

Whether there's reason for't or no:

Be my employment here on earth
 To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,
 Life's barren vale with flow'rs to adorn,
 And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.

But if, by error led astray,
 I chance to wander from my way,
 Let no blind guide observe, in spite,
 I'm wrong, who cannot set me right.
 That doctor could I ne'er endure
 Who found disease and not a cure;
 Nor can I hold that man a friend
 Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend
 To open happy Folly's eyes,
 And, making wretched, make me wise:
 For next, a truth which can't admit
 Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,
 To being happy here below,
 Is to believe that we are so.

Some few in knowledge find relief;
 I place my comfort in belief.
 Some for reality may call;
 Fancy to me is all in all.
 Imagination, thro' the trick
 Of doctors, often makes us sick;
 And why, let any sophist tell,
 May it not likewise make us well?
 This am I sure, whate'er our view,
 Whatever shadows we pursue,
 For our pursuits, be what they will,
 Are little more than shadows still;
 Too swift they fly, too swift and strong,
 For man to catch or hold them long;

But joys which in the fancy live,
 Each moment to each man may give:
 True to himself, and true to ease,
 He softens Fate's severe decrees,
 And (can a mortal wish for more?)
 Creates, and makes himself new o'er,
 Mocks boasted vain reality,
 And is whate'er he wants to be.

Hail, Fancy!—to thy pow'r I owe
 Deliv'rance from the gripe of Woe;
 To thee I owe a mighty debt,
 Which Gratitude shall ne'er forget,
 Whilst Mem'ry can her force employ,
 A large increase of ev'ry joy.
 When at my doors, too strongly barr'd,
 Authority had plac'd a guard,
 A knavish guard, ordain'd by law
 To keep poor Honesty in awe;
 Authority, severe and stern,
 To intercept my wish'd return;
 When foes grew proud, and friends grew cool,
 And laughter seiz'd each sober fool;
 When Candour started in amaze,
 And, meaning censure, hinted praise;
 When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
 And hands, thank'd Heav'n that she was wise;
 When all around me, with an air
 Of hopeless sorrow, look'd despair;

When they or said or seem'd to say
 There is but one, one only way
 Better, and be advis'd by us,
 Not be at all than to be thus;
 When Virtue shunn'd the shock, and Pride 334
 Disabled, lay by Virtue's side,
 Too weak my ruffled soul to cheer,
 Which could not hope, yet would not fear.
 Health in her motion, the wild grace
 Of pleasure speaking in her face, 340
 Dull regularity thrown by,
 And comfort beaming from her eye,
 Fancy, in richest robes array'd,
 Came smiling forth and brought me aid;
 Came smiling o'er that dreadful time, 345
 And, more to bless me, came in rhyme.
 Nor is her pow'r to me confin'd;
 It spreads, it comprehends mankind.
 When (to the spirit-farring sound
 Of trumpets breathing courage round, 350
 And fifes, well mingled to restrain
 And bring that courage down again,
 Or to the melancholy knell
 Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,
 Such as of late the good Saint Bride 355
 Muffled, to mortify the pride
 Of those who, England quite forgot,
 Paid their vile homage to the Scot,

Where Asgill held the foremost place,
 Whilst my Lord figur'd at a race)
 Processions ('tis not worth debate
 Whether they are of stage or state)
 Move on so very very slow,
 'Tis doubtful if they move or no;
 When the performers all the while
 Mechanically frown or smile,
 Or, with a dull and stupid stare,
 A vacancy of sense declare,
 Or, with down-bending eye, seem wrought
 Into a labyrinth of thought,
 Where Reason wanders still in doubt,
 And, once got in, cannot get out
 What cause sufficient can we find,
 To satisfy a thinking mind,
 Why, dup'd by such vain-farces, man
 Descends to act on such a plan?
 Why they, who hold themselves divine,
 Can in such wretched follies join;
 Strutting like peacocks, or like crows,
 Themselves and Nature to expose?
 What cause, but that (you'll understand
 We have our remedy at hand,
 That if perchance we start a doubt,
 Ere it is fix'd we wipe it out;
 As surgeons, when they lop a limb,
 Whether for profit, fame, or whim,

Or mere experiment to try,
Must always have a styptic by)
Fancy steps in, and stamps that real
Which *ipso facto* is ideal.

Can none remember? yes, I know
All must remember that rare show
When to the country Sense went down;
And fools came flocking up to Town;
When knights (a work which all admit
To be for knighthood much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when parsons play'd,
In robes canonical array'd,
And, fiddling, join'd the Smithfield dance,
The price of tickets to advance;
Or, unto tapsters turn'd, dealt out,
Running from booth to booth about,
To ev'ry scoundrel, by retail,
True pennyworths of beef and ale,
Then first prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
For present grand electioneering;
When heralds, running all about
To bring in order, turn'd it out;
When, by the prudent Marshal's care,
Lest the rude populace should stare,
And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay puppets of Patrician strain,
The whole procession, as in spite,
Unhear'd, unseen, stole off by night;

When our lov'd monarch, nothing loath, 413
 Solemnly took that sacred oath,
 Whence mutual firm agreements spring
 Betwixt the subject and the king,
 By which, in usual manner crown'd,
 His head, his heart, his hands, he bound, 420
 Against himself, should passion stir
 The least propensity to err,
 Against all slaves who might prepare
 Or open force or hidden snare,
 That glorious Charter to maintain, 423
 By which we serve, and he must reign;
 Then Fancy, with unbounded sway,
 Revell'd sole mistress of the day,
 And wrought such wonders as might make
 Egyptian forcerers forsake 430
 Their baffled mockeries, and own
 The palm of magic her's alone.
 A knight, (who in the silken lap
 Of lazy Peace had liv'd on nap;
 Who never yet had dar'd to roam 435
 'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
 Nor even that, unless a guide
 Was plac'd to amble by his side,
 And troops of slaves were spread around
 To keep his Honour safe and sound; 440
 Who could not suffer, for his life,
 A point to sword, or edge to knife,

And always fainted at the sight
Of blood, tho' 'twas not shed in fight;
Who disinherited one son
For firing off an alder gun,
And whipt another, six years old,
Because the boy, presumptuous, bold
To madness, likely to become
A very Swiss, had beat a drum,
Tho' it appear'd an instrument
Most peaceable and innocent,
Having, from first, been in the hands
And service of the City Bands)
Grac'd with those ensigns which were meant
To further Honour's dread intent,
The minds of warriors to inflame,
And spur them on to deeds of fame;
With little sword, large spurs, high feather,
Fearful of ev'ry thing but weather,
(And all must own, who pay regard
To charity, it had been hard
That in his very first campaign
His honours should be foil'd with rain)
A hero all at once became,
And (seeing others much the same
In point of valour as himself,
Who leave their courage on a shelf
From year to year, till some such rout
In proper season calls it out)

Strutted, look'd big, and swagger'd more
 Than ever hero did before;
 Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,
 Like Mavors, grimly smil'd and frown'd;
 Seem'd heav'n, and earth, and hell, to call
 To fight, that he might rout them all,
 And personated valour's style
 So long, spectators to beguile,
 That passing strange, and wondrous true,
 Himself at last believ'd it too,
 Nor for a time could he discern,
 Till truth and darkness took their turn,
 So well did Fancy play her part,
 That coward still was at the heart.

Whiffle, (who knows not Whiffle's name,
 By the impartial voice of Fame
 Recorded first thro' all this land
 In Vanity's illustrious band?)
 Who, by all bounteous Nature meant
 For offices of hardiment,
 A modern Hercules at least,
 To rid the world of each wild beast,
 Of each wild beast which came in view,
 Whether on four legs or on two,
 Degenerate, delights to prove
 His force on the parade of Love,
 Disclaims the joys which camps afford,
 And for the distaff quits the sword;

Who fond of women would appear
To public eye and public ear;
But, when in private, let's them know
How little they can trust to show;
Who sports a woman, as of course,
Just as a jockey shews a horse,
And then returns her to the stable,
Or, vainly plants her at his table,
Where he would rather Venus find,
(So pall'd, and so deprav'd his mind)
Than, by some great occasion led,
To seize her panting in her bed,
Burning with more than mortal fires,
And melting in her own desires;
Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
Thro' fashion, not thro' feeling, wild;
Whate'er in others, who proceed
As Sense and Nature have decreed,
From real passion flows, in him
Is mere effect of mode and whim;
Who laughs, a very common way,
Because he nothing has to say,
As your choice spirits oaths dispense
To fill up vacancies of sense;
Who having some small sense defies it,
Or, using, always misapplies it;
Who now and then brings something forth
Which seems indeed of sterling worth;

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Something, by sudden start and fit,
 Which at a distance looks like wit,
 But, on examination near,
 To his confusion will appear,
 By truth's fair glass, to be at best
 A threadbare jester's threadbare jest;
 Who frisks and dances thro' the street,
 Sings without voice, rides without seat,
 Plays o'er his tricks, like *Æsop's* ass, 530
 A *gratis* fool to all who pass;
 Who riots, tho' he loves not waste,
 Whores without lust, drinks without taste,
 Acts without sense, talks without thought,
 Does every thing but what he ought; 540
 Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
 Of vice, is vicious; who one hour,
 Proud without pride, the next will be
 Humble without humility;
 Whose vanity we all discern, 545
 The spring on which his actions turn;
 Whose aim in erring is to err,
 So that he may be singular,
 And all his utmost wishes mean
 Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be seen; 550
 Such (for when, *Flatt'ry's* soothing strain
 Had robb'd the Muse of her disdain,
 And found a method to persuade
 Her art to soften ev'ry shade,

Justice, enrag'd, the pencil snatch'd 555
From her degen'rate hand, and scratch'd
Out ev'ry trace, then, quick as thought,
From life this striking likeness caught)
In mind, in manners, and in mien,
Such Whiffle came, and such was seen 560
In the world's eye; but, (strange to tell!)
Misled by Fancy's magic spell,
Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
Was more than human in his own. 565
O bow! bow all at Fancy's throne,
Whose pow'r could make so vile an elf
With patience bear that thing, himself,

But, mistress of each art to please,
Creative Fancy! what are these, 570
These pageants of a trifler's pen,
To what thy pow'r effected then?
Familiar with the human mind,
As swift and subtle as the wind,
Which we all feel, yet no one knows 575
Or whence it comes or where it goes,
Fancy at once in ev'ry part
Possess'd the eye, the head, the heart,
And, in a thousand forms array'd,
A thousand various gambols play'd. 580

Here, in a face which well might ask
The privilege to wear a mask

In spite of law, and justice teach
 For public good t' excuse the breach,
 Within the furrow of a wrinkle 583
 'Twixt eyes which could not shine but twinkle,
 Like centinels i' th' starry way,
 Who wait for the return of day,
 Almost burnt out, and seem to keep
 Their watch, like soldiers, in their sleep; 590
 Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r
 Of law, must burn from hour to hour,
 (Else they, without redemption, fall
 Under the terrors of that Hall
 Which, once notorious for a hop, 595
 Is now become a justice-shop)
 Which are so manag'd, to go out
 Just when the time comes round about,
 Which yet, thro' emulation, strive
 To keep their dying light alive, 600
 And (not uncommon, as we find
 Amongst the children of mankind)
 As they grow weaker would seem stronger,
 And burn a little, little longer;
 Fancy, betwixt such eyes enshrin'd, 605
 No brush to daub, no mill to grind,
 Thrice wav'd her wand around, whose force
 Chang'd in an instant Nature's course,
 And, hardly credible in rhyme,
 Not only stopp'd but call'd back time, 610

The face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
Smooth as the floating stream appear'd,
Down the neck ringlets spread their flame,
The neck admiring whence they came;
On the arch'd brow the Graces play'd; 615
On the full bosom Cupid laid;
Suns, from their proper orbits sent,
Became for eyes a supplement;
Teeth, white as ever teeth were seen,
Deliver'd from the hand of Green, 620
Started, in regular array,
Like train-bands on a grand field-day,
Into the gums, which would have fled,
But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red;
Quite alter'd was the whole machine, 625
And Lady ——— was fifteen.

Here she made lordly temples rise
Before the pious Dashwood's eyes,
Temples which, built aloft in air,
May serve for show, if not for pray'r; 630
In solemn form herself, before,
Array'd like Faith, the Bible bore:
There, over Melcombe's feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phiz, 635
More of another world than this,
To a dwarf Muse a giant page,
The last grave top of the last age,

In a superb and feather'd hearse,
 Bescutcheon'd and betagg'd with verse,
 Which, to beholders from afar,
 Appear'd like a triumphal car,
 She rode, in a cast rainbow clad;
 There, throwing off the hallow'd plaid,
 Naked, as when (in those drear cells
 Where self-blest'd, self-curs'd, Madness dwells)
 Pleasure, on whom, in Laughter's shape,
 Frénzy had perfected a rape,
 First brought her forth, before her time,
 Wild witness of her shame and crime,
 Driving before an idol band
 Of driv'ling Stewarts, hand in hand;
 Some who, to curse mankind, had worn
 A crown they ne'er must think of more;
 Others, whose baby brows were grac'd
 With paper crowns and toys of paste,
 She jugg'd, and, playing on the flute,
 Spread raptures o'er the soul of Bute.

Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,
 Which wrought the busy soul of man
 To her full bent, the Civil Law,
 Fit code to keep a world in awe,
 Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
 As Jewish frontlets were of old,
 The famous Charter of our land
 Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;

As one whom deepest thoughts employ,
 But deepest thoughts of truest joy,
 Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,
 Before him troops of heroes walk'd, 670
 Whom best he lov'd, of heroes crown'd,
 By Tories guarded all around,
 Dull solemn pleasure in his face,
 He saw the honours of his race,
 He saw their lineal glories rise, 675
 And touch'd, or seem'd to touch, the skies:
 Not the most distant mark of fear,
 No sign of axe or scaffold near,
 Not one curs'd thought to cross his will
 Of such a place as Tower Hill. 680.

Curse on this Muse, a flippant jade,
 A shrew, like ev'ry other maid
 Who turns the corner of nineteen,
 Devour'd with peevishness and spleen:
 Her tongue, (for as, when bound for life,
 The husband suffers for the wife, 685
 So if in any works of rhyme
 Perchance there blunders out a crime,
 Poor culprit bards must always rue it,
 Altho' 'tis plain the Muses do it) 690
 Sooner or later, cannot fail
 To send me headlong to a jail.
 Whate'er my theme, (our themes we chuse
 In modern days without a Muse,

Just as a father will provide
 To join a bridegroom and a bride,
 As if, tho' they must be the play'rs,
 The game was wholly his, not theirs)
 Whate'er my theme, the Muse, who still
 Owns no direction but her will,
 Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
 By ways oblique and indirect,
 At once quite over head and ears,
 In fatal politics appears.
 Time was, and, if I ought discern
 Of Fate, that time shall soon return,
 When, decent and demure at least,
 As grave and dull as any priest,
 I could see Vice in robes array'd,
 Could see the game of Folly play'd
 Successfully in Fortune's school,
 Without exclaiming rogue or fool:
 Time was, when nothing loath or proud,
 I lacky'd with the fawning crowd,
 Scoundrels in office, and would bow
 To ciphers great in place; but now
 Upright I stand, as if wise Fate,
 To compliment a shatter'd state,
 Had me, like Atlas, hither sent
 To shoulder up the firmament;
 And if I stoop'd, with gen'ral crack
 The heav'ns would tumble from my back:

Time was, when rank and situation
 Secur'd the great ones of the nation
 From all control; satire and law
 Kept only little knaves in awe;
 But now, decorum lost, I stand
 Bemus'd, a pencil in my hand,
 And, dead to ev'ry sense of shame,
 Careless of safety and of fame,
 The names of scoundrels minute down,
 And libel more than half the Town.

How can a statesman be secure
 In all his villanies, if poor
 And dirty authors thus shall dare
 To lay his rotten bosom bare?
 Muses should pass away their time
 In dressing out the poet's rhyme
 With bills and ribbands, and array
 Each line in harmless taste, tho' gay.
 When the hot burning fit is on,
 They should regale their restless son
 With something to allay his rage,
 Some cool Castalian beverage,
 Or some such draught (tho' they, 'tis plain,
 Taking the Muse's name in vain,
 Know nothing of their real court,
 And only fable from report)
 As makes a Whitehead's Ode go down,
 Or flakes the Fevrette of Brown:

But who would in his senses think
Of Muses giving gall to drink;
Or that their folly should afford
To raving poets gun or sword?
Poets were ne'er design'd by Fate
To meddle with affairs of state,
Nor should (if we may speak our thought
Truly as men of honour ought)
Sound policy their age admit,
To launch the thunderbolts of wit
About those heads which, when they're shot,
Can't tell if 'twas by Wit or not.
These things well known, what devil, in spite,
Can have seduc'd me thus to write
Out of that road, which must have led
To riches without heart or head,
Into that road which, had I more
Than ever poet had before
Of wit and virtue, in disgrace
Would keep me still, and out of place,
Which, if some judge (you'll understand
One famous, famous thro' the land
For making law) should stand my friend,
At last may in a pill'ry end;
And all this, I myself admit,
Without one cause to lead to it?—

For instance now—this book—The Ghost—
Methinks I hear some critic post

Remark most gravely—"The first word, Fanny,
 Which we about The Ghost have heard,
 Peace, my good Sir!—not quite so fast—
 What is the first may be the last,
 Which is a point, all must agree,
 Cannot depend on you or me.
 Fanny, no Ghost of common mould,
 Is not by forms to be controll'd;
 To keep her state, and shew her skill,
 She never comes but when she will.
 I wrote and wrote, (perhaps you doubt,
 And shrewdly, what I wrote about;
 Believe me, much to my disgrace,
 I, too, am in the self-same case)
 But still I wrote, till Fanny came
 Impatient, nor could any shame
 On me, with equal justice, fall;
 If she had never come at all.
 An underling, I could not stir—
 Without the cue thrown out by her;
 Nor from the subject aid receive
 Until she came and gave me leave.
 So that, (ye sons of Erudition!
 Mark, this is but a supposition,
 Nor would I to so wise a nation
 Suggest it as a revelation)
 If henceforth, dully turning o'er
 Page after page, ye read no more

Of Fanny, who, in sea or air,
 May be departed God knows where,
 Rail at jilt-Fortune; but agree—
 No censure can be laid on me;
 For sure (the cause let Mansfield try)
 Fanny is in the fault, not I.
 But to return—and this I hold
 A secret worth its weight in gold
 To those who write, as I write now,
 Not to mind where they go, or how,
 Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and stile,
 Make it but worth the reader's while,
 And keep a passage fair and plain
 Always to bring him back again.
 Thro' dirt who scruples to approach,
 At Pleasure's call, to take a coach?
 But we should think the man a clown
 Who in the dirt should set us down.

But, to return—If Wit, who ne'er
 The shackles of restraint could bear,
 In wayward humour should refuse
 Her timely succour to the Muse,
 And, to no rules and orders ty'd,
 Roughly deny to be her guide,
 She must renounce Decorum's plan,
 And get back when and how she can;
 As parsons, who, without pretext,
 As soon as mention'd, quit their text,

And, to promote sleep's genial pow'r, 835
 Grope in the dark for half an hour,
 Give no more reason (for we know
 Reason is vulgar, mean, and low)
 Why they come back (should it befall
 That ever they come back at all) 840
 Into the road, to end the rout,
 Than they can give why they went out.

But to return—this book—The Ghost—
 A mere amusement at the most;
 A trifle, fit to wear away 845
 The horrors of a rainy day;
 A slight shot silk, for summer wear,
 Just as our modern statesmen are,
 If rigid honesty permit
 That I for once purloin the wit 850
 Of him who, were we all to steal,
 Is much too rich the theft to feel:
 Yet in this Book, where Ease should join
 With Mirth to sugar ev'ry line;
 Where it should all be mere chit-chat, 855
 Lively, good-humour'd, and all that;
 Where honest Satire, in disgrace,
 Should not so much as show her face,
 The shrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
 Breaks into Laughter's sacred grounds, 860
 And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
 In science, trade, and politics.

But why should the distemper'd cold
 Attempt to blacken men enroll'd
 In Pow'r's dread book, whose mighty skill
 Can twist an empire to their will;
 Whose voice is Fate, and on their tongue
 Law, liberty, and life, are hung;
 Whom, on inquiry, Truth shall find,
 With Stewarts link'd, time out of mind
 Superior to their country's laws,
 Defenders of a tyrant's cause;
 Men who the same damn'd maxims hold
 Darkly, which they avow'd of old;
 Who, tho' by diff'rent means, pursue
 The end which they had first in view,
 And, force found vain, now play their part
 With much less honour, much more art
 Why, at the corners of the streets,
 To ev'ry patriot drudge she meets,
 Known or unknown, with furious cry
 Should she wild clamours vent? or why,
 The minds of groundlings to inflame,
 A Daffwood, Rute, and Wyndham, name?
 Why, having not, to our surprise,
 The fear of death before her eyes,
 Bearing, and that but now and then,
 No other weapon but her pen,
 Should she an argument afford
 For blood to men who wear a sword?

Men who can nicely trim and pare
A point of honour to a hair;
(Honour—a word of nice import,
A pretty trinket in a court,
Which my Lord, quite in rapture, feels 895
Dangling and rattling with his seals—
Honour—a word which all the Nine
Would be much puzzled to define—
Honour—a word which torture mocks,
And might confound a thousand Lockes— 900
Which (for I leave to wiser heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can,
What Honour is on their wild plan)
Is not, to take it in their way, 905
And this we sure may dare to say
Without incurring an offence,
Courage, law, honesty, or sense)
Men who, all spirit, life, and soul,
Neat butchers of a buttonhole, 910
Having more skill, believe it true
That they must have more courage too;
Men who, without a place or name,
Their fortunes speechless as their fame,
Would by the sword new fortunes carve, 915
And rather die in fight than starve
At coronations, a vast field,
Which food of ev'ry kind might yield;

Of good sound food, at once most fit
 For purposes of health and wit? 920
 Could not ambitious Satire rest,
 Content with what she might digest?
 Could she not feast on things of course,
 A champion, or a champion's horse?
 A champion's horse—no better say, 925
 Tho' better figur'd on that day—
 A horse, which might appear to us
 Who deal in rhyme a Pegasus;
 A rider who, when once got on,
 Might pass for a Bellerophon, 930
 Dropt on a sudden from the skies,
 To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
 To witch, with wand instead of whip,
 The world with noble horsemanship,
 To twist and twine both horse and man, 935
 On such a well-concerted plan,
 That, Centaur-like, when all was done,
 We scarce could think they were not one?
 Could she not to our itching ears
 Bring the new names of new-coin'd peers, 940
 Who walk'd, nobility forgot,
 With shoulders fitter for a knot
 Than robes of honour, for whose sake
 Herald, in form, were forc'd to make;
 To make, because they could not find, 945
 Great predecessors to their mind?

Could she not (tho' 'tis doubtful since
Whether he plumber is or prince)
Tell of a simple knight's advance
To be a doughty peer of France? 950
Tell how he did a dukedom gain,
And Robinson was Aquitain?
Tell how her City chiefs, disgrac'd,
Were at an empty table plac'd?
A gross neglect! which, whilst they live, 953
They can't forget, and won't forgive;
A gross neglect of all those rights
Which march with City appetites,
Of all those canons which we find
By Gluttony time out of mind 960
Establish'd, which they ever hold
Dearer than any thing but gold?

Thanks to my stars—I now see shore—
Of courtiers and of courts no more—
Thus stumbling on my City friends, 963
Blind Chance, my guide, my purpose bends
In line direct, and shall pursue
The point which I had first in view,
Nor more shall with the reader sport
Till I have seen him safe in port. 970
Hush'd be each fear—no more I bear
Thro' the wide regions of the air
The reader terrify'd, no more
Wild ocean's horrid paths explore,

Be the plain track from henceforth mine— 975

Cross-roads to Allen—I resign;

Allen! the honour of this nation;

Allen! himself a corporation;

Allen! of late notorious grown

For writings none, or all his own; 980

Allen! the first of letter'd men,

Since the good Bishop holds his pen,

And at his elbow takes his stand

To mend his head and guide his hand.

But hold—once more, Digression hence— 985

Let us return to common sense;

The car of Phœbus I discharge,

My carriage now a Lord May'r's barge.

Suppose we now—(we may suppose

In verse what would be sin in prose—) 990

The sky with darkness overspread,

And ev'ry star retir'd to bed;

The gewgaw robes of Pomp and Pride

In some dark corner thrown aside;

Great lords and ladies giving way 995

To what they seem to scorn by day,

The real feelings of the heart,

And Nature taking place of Art;

Desire triumphant thro' the night,

And Beauty panting with delight; 1000

Chastity, woman's fairest crown,

Till the return of morn laid down,

Then to be worn again as bright
 As if not fully'd in the night;
 Dull Ceremony, bus'ness o'er,
 Dreaming in form at Cottrell's door;
 Precaution trudging all about
 To see the candles safely out,
 Bearing a mighty master-key,
 Habited like Economy,
 Stamping each lock with triple seals,
 Mean Av'rice creeping at her heels.

Suppose we, too, like sheep in pen,
 The May'r and Court of Aldermen
 Within their barge, which thro' the deep,
 The rowers more than half asleep,
 Mov'd slow, as overcharg'd with state;
 Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
 And felt that bawble heavier far
 Than a whole fleet of men of war.
 Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head
 With lib'ral hand his poppies shed;
 Each head, by Dulness, render'd fit
 Sleep and his empire to admit.
 Thro' the whole passage not a word,
 Not one faint, weak, half-sound, was heard;
 Sleep had prevail'd, to overwhelm
 The steersman nodding o'er the helm;
 The rowers, without force or skill,
 Left the dull barge to drive at will;

The sluggish oars suspended hung,
 And even Beardmore held his tongue;
 Commerce, regardful of a freight
 On which depended half her state,
 Stepp'd to the helm; with ready hand
 She safely clear'd that bank of sand 1035
 Where, stranded, our west-country fleet
 Delay and danger often meet,
 Till Neptune, anxious for the trade,
 Comes in full tides, and brings them aid. 1040
 Next (for the Muses can survey
 Objects by night as well as day;
 Nothing prevents their taking aim,
 Darkness and light to them the same)
 They pass'd that building which of old
 Queen-mothers was design'd to hold, 1045
 At present a mere lodging-pen,
 A palace turn'd into a den,
 To barracks turn'd, and soldiers tread
 Where dowagers have laid their head. 1050
 Why should we mention Surrey-street,
 Where ev'ry week grave judges meet,
 All fitted out with hum and ha,
 In proper form to draw out law,
 To see all causes duly try'd
 'Twixt knaves who drive and fools who ride? 1055
 Why at the Temple should we stay?
 What of the Temple dare we say?

A dang'rous ground we tread on there;
 And words perhaps may actions bear;
 Where, as the brethren of the seas
 Forfares, the lawyers ply for fees,
 What of that Bridge, most wisely made
 To serve the purposes of trade,
 In the great mart of all this nation,
 By stopping up the navigation,
 And to that sandbank adding weight,
 Which is already much too great,
 What of that Bridge, which, void of sense,
 But well supply'd with impudence,
 Englishmen, knowing not the Guild,
 Thought they might have a claim to build,
 Till Paterfon, as white as milk,
 As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,
 In solemn manner had decreed,
 That on the other side the Tweed
 Art, born and bred, and fully grown,
 Was with one Mylne, a man unknown,
 But grace, preferment, and renown,
 Deserving, just arriv'd in Town,
 One Mylne! an artist perfect quite,
 Both in his own and country's right,
 As fit to make a bridge as he,
 With glorious Patavinity,
 To build inscriptions, worthy found
 To lie for ever under ground.

Much more, worth observation too,
 Was this a season to pursue
 The theme, our Muse might tell in rhymes;
 The will she hath, but not the time;
 For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,
 (And when a goddess comes, we know,
 Surpassing Nature's acts prevail,
 And boats want neither oar nor sail)
 The vessel pass'd, and reach'd the shore
 So quick, that thought was scarce before.

Suppose we now our City count
 Safely deliver'd at the port;
 And, of their state regardless quite,
 Landed, like smuggled goods, by night,
 The solemn magistrate laid down,
 The dignity of robe and gown,
 With ev'ry other ensign gone,
 Suppose the woollen nightcap on;
 The flesh-brush us'd, with decent state,
 To make the spirits circulate,
 (A form which, to the senses true,
 The liq'rish chaplain uses too,
 Tho', something to improve the plan,
 He takes the maid instead of man)
 Swaph'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er,
 To shew the vigour of threescore,
 The vigour of threescore and ten
 Above the proof of younger men,

Suppose the mighty Dohnan'ded 1135
 Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed;
 Suppose, the moment he lies down,
 No miracle in this great Town,
 The drone as fast asleep as he
 Must in the course of Nature be,
 Who, truth for our foundation take,
 When up is never half awake.

There let him sleep, whilst we survey 1140
 The preparations for the day;
 That day on which was to be shown
 Court pride by City pride undone;
 The jealous mother sends away,
 As only fit for childish play,
 That daughter who, to gall her pride,
 Shoots up too forward by her side. 1145

The wretch, of God and man accurs'd,
 Of all hell's instruments the worst,
 Draws forth his pawns, and for the day
 Struts in some spendthrift's vain array;
 Around his awkward doxy shine
 The treasures of Golconda's mine; 1150
 Each neighbour, with a jealous glare,
 Beholds her folly publish'd there.

Garments well sav'd, (an anecdote
 Which we can prove or would not quote) 1155
 Garments well-sav'd, which first were made
 When tailors, to promote their trade,

Against the Picts in arms arose,
 And drove them out, or made them clothes;
 Garments immortal, without end,
 Like names and titles, which descend
 Successively from sire to son;
 Garments, unless some work is done
 Of note, not suffer'd to appear
 'Bove once at most in ev'ry year,
 Were now, in solemn form, laid bare,
 To take the benefit of air,
 And, ere they came to be employ'd
 On this solemnity, to void
 That scent which Russia's leather gave,
 From vile and impious moth to save.

Each head was busy, and each heart
 In preparation bore a part;
 Running together all about
 The servants put each other out,
 Till the grave master had decreed,
 The more haste ever the worse speed.
 Miss, with her little eyes half-clos'd,
 Over a smuggled toilette dos'd;
 The waiting-maid, whom story notes
 A very Scrub in petticoats,
 Hir'd for one work, but doing all,
 In slumbers lean'd against the wall.
 Milliners, summon'd from afar,
 Arriv'd in shoals at Temple-Bar,

Strictly commanded to import
Cart-loads of foppery from court;
With labour'd visible design
Art strove to be superbly fine;
Nature, more pleasing, tho' more wild,
Taught otherwise her darling child,
And cry'd, with spirited disdain,
Be H——— elegant and plain.

Lo! from the chambers of the East,
A welcome prelude to the feast,
In saffron-colour'd robe array'd,
High in a car by Vulcan made,
Who work'd for Jove himself, each steed
High-mettled, of celestial breed,
Pawing and pacing all the way,
Aurora brought the wish'd-for day,
And held her empire, till out-run
By that brave jolly groom the Sun.

The trumpet—hark! it speaks—it swells
The loud full harmony; it tells
The time at hand when Dulman, led
By form, his citizens must head
And march those troops which, at his call,
Were now assembled to Guildhall,
On matters of importance great
To court and city, church and state.
From end to end the sound makes way,
All hear the signal, and obey;

But Dulman, who, his charge forgot,
 By Morpheus fetter'd, heard it not;
 Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,
 Hear any trumpet but the last.
 Crape, ever true and trusly known,
 Stole from the maid's bed to his own,
 Then in the spirituals of pride,
 Planted himself at Dulman's side.
 Thrice did the ever-faithful slave,
 With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
 And broke death's adamant chain,
 On Dulman call, but call'd in vain.
 Thrice with an arm, which might have made
 The Theban boxer curse his trade,
 The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
 And thrice fell backward on his bed.
 What could be done? Where force hath fail'd
 Policy often hath prevail'd,
 And what, an inference most plain,
 Had been, Crape thought might be again.
 Under his pillow (still in mind
 The proverb kept, Fast bind, fast find)
 Each blessed night the keys were laid,
 Which Crape to draw away assay'd.
 What not the pow'r of voice or arm
 Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
 Quick started he with stupid stare,
 For all his little soul was there.

Behold him taken up, rubb'd down,
 In elbow-chair and morning-gown;
 Behold him, in his latter bloom,
 Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume; 1230
 Behold him bending with the weight
 Of robes, and trumpery of state;
 Behold him (for the maxim's true,
 Whate'er we by another do
 We do ourselves, and chaplain paid, 1235
 Like slaves, in ev'ry other trade,
 Had mutter'd over God knows what,
 Something which he by heart had got)
 Having, as usual, said his pray'rs,
 Go titter-totter to the stairs; 1240
 Behold him for descent prepare,
 With one foot trembling in the air;
 He starts, he pauses on the brink,
 And, hard to credit, seems to think;
 Thro' his whole train (the chaplain gave 1245
 The proper cue to ev'ry slave)
 At once, as with infection caught,
 Each started, paus'd, and aim'd at thought;
 He turns, and they turn; big with care,
 He waddles to his elbow-chair, 1250
 Squats down, and, silent for a season,
 At last with Crape begins to reason;
 But first of all he made a sign
 That ev'ry soul but the divine

Should quit the room; in him, he knows, 1255
 He may all confidence repose.

“Crape—tho’ I’m yet not quite awake—
 Before this awful step I take,
 On which my future all depends,
 I ought to know my foes and friends. 1260
 My foes and friends—observe me still—
 I mean not those who well or ill
 Perhaps may wish me, but those who
 Have’t in their pow’r to do it too.
 Now if, attentive to the state,
 In too much hurry to be great,
 Or thro’ much zeal, a motive, Crape,
 Deserving praise, into a scrape
 I, like a fool, am got, no doubt
 I, like a wise man, should get out: 1270
 Note that remark without replies;
 I say that to get out is wise,
 Or by the very self-same rule
 That to get in was like a fool.
 The marrow of this argument
 Must wholly rest on the event, 1275
 And therefore, which is really hard,
 Against events too I must guard.

Should things continue as they stand,
 And Bute prevail thro’ all the land, 1280
 Without a rival, by his aid
 My fortunes in a trice are made;

Nay, honours on my zeal may smile,
 And stamp me Earl of some great title:
 But if, a matter of much doubt,
 The present minister goes out,
 Faint would I know on what pretext
 I can stand fairly with the next;
 For as my aim, at ev'ry hour,
 Is to be well with those in pow'r,
 And my material point of view,
 Whoever's in, to be in too;
 I should not, like a blockhead, chuse
 To gain these so as those to lose:
 'Tis good in ev'ry case, you know,
 To have two strings unto our bow.
 As one in wonder lost, Crape view'd
 His lord, who thus his speech pursu'd.
 "This, my good Crape! is my grand point;
 And as the times are out of joint,
 The greater caution is requir'd
 To bring about the point desir'd.
 What I would wish to bring about
 Cannot admit a moment's doubt;
 The matter in dispute, you know,
 Is what we call the *Quemada*.
 That be thy task" — The rev'rend slave,
 Becoming in a moment grave,
 Fix'd to the ground and rooted, stood
 Just like a man cut out of wood,

Such as we see (without the least
 Reflection glancing on the priest)
 One or more, planted up and down,
 Almost in ev'ry church in Town;
 He stood some minutes, then, like one
 Who wish'd the matter might be done,
 But could not do it, shook his head,
 And thus the man of Sorrow said:

“ Hard is this task, too hard, I swear,
 By much too hard, for me to bear;
 Beyond expression hard my part,
 Could mighty Dulman see my heart,
 When he, alas! makes known a will
 Which Crape's not able to fulfil.
 Was ever my obedience barr'd
 By any trifling nice regard
 To sense and honour? could I reach
 Thy meaning without help of speech,
 At the first motion of thy eye
 Did not thy faithful creature fly?
 Have I not said not what I ought,
 But what by earthly master taught?
 Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty strong,
 In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
 Did ever Int'rest, to whom thou
 Canst not with more devotion bow,
 Warp my sound faith, or will of mine
 In contradiction run to thine?

Have I not, at thy table plac'd, 1340
 When bus'ness call'd aloud for haste,
 Torn myself thence, yet never heard
 To utter one complaining word,
 And had, till thy great work was done,
 All appetites as having none?
 Hard is it, this great plan pursu'd 1345
 Of voluntary servitude,
 Pursu'd without or shame or fear,
 Thro' the great circle of the year,
 Now to receive, in this grand hour,
 Commands which lie beyond my pow'r, 1350
 Commands which baffle all my skill,
 And leave me nothing but my will:
 Be that accepted; let my Lord
 Indulgence to his slave afford:
 This task, for my poor strength unfit, 1355
 Will yield to none but Dulman's wit.
 With such gross incense gratify'd,
 And turning up the lip of pride,
 "Poor Crape"—and shook his empty head—
 "Poor puzzled Crape!" wife Dulman said, 1360
 "Of judgment weak, of sense confin'd,
 For things of lower note design'd,
 For things within the vulgar reach,
 To run of errands, and to preach,
 Well hast thou judg'd that heads like mine 1365
 Cannot want help from heads like thine;

Well hast thou judg'd thyself unmeet
Of such high argument to treat ;
'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,
And all I said was but a joke, 1370

Nor think a joke, Crape, a disgrace
Or to my person or my place ;
The wisest of the sons of men
Have deign'd to use them now and then.
The only caution, do you see,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common use and men exempt,
Is that they may not breed contempt.
Great use they have when in the hands
Of one like me, who understands, 1380
Who understands the time and place,
The persons, manner, and the grace,
Which fools neglect ; so that we find,
If all the requisites are join'd,
From whence a perfect joke must spring, 1385
A joke's a very serious thing.

But to our bus'ness—My design,
Which gave so rough a shock to thine,
To my capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade, 1390
Which, like broad cloth, I can, with ease,
Cut out in any shape I please.
Some, in my circumstance, some few,
Aye, and those men of genius too,

Good men, who, without love or hate, 1395
 Whether they early rise or late,
 With names uncrack'd, and credit sound,
 Rise worth a hundred thousand pound,
 By threadbare ways and means would try
 To bear their point—so will not I. 1400
 New methods shall my wisdom find
 To suit these matters to my mind,
 So that the infidels at court,
 Who make our City wits their sport,
 Shall hail the honours of my reign, 1405
 And own that Dulman bears a brain.
 Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
 Would give relations up and friends;
 Would lend a wife, who, they might swear
 Safely, was none the worse for wear; 1410
 Would see a daughter, yet a maid,
 Into a statesman's arms betray'd;
 Nay, should the girl prove coy, nor know
 What daughters to a father owe,
 Sooner than schemes so nobly plann'd 1415
 Should fail, themselves would lend a hand;
 Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,
 Properly taught, would vote on t' other;
 Would ev'ry petty band forget;
 To public eye be with one set, 1420
 In private with a second herd,
 And be by proxy with a third;

Would (like a queen, of whom I read w. men Good men
 The other day—her name is fled—w. men Whether they
 In a book (where, together bound, w. men names were
 Whittington and his Cat I found; w. men
 A tale most true, and free from art; w. men
 Which all Lord May'rs shou'd have by heart; w. men
 A queen (O might those days begin w. men
 Afresh when queens shou'd learn to spin!) w. men
 Who wrought, and wrought, but, for some plot; w. men
 The cause of which I've now forgot; w. men
 During the absence of the sun w. men
 Undid what she by day had done; w. men
 Whilst they a double visage wear; w. men
 What's sworn by day by night unswear. w. men

Such be their arts, and such perchance w. men
 May happily their ends advance w. men
 From a new system mine shall spring; w. men
 A *Locum-tenens* is the thing. w. men
 That's your true plan—to oblige w. men
 The present ministers of state; w. men
 My shadow shall our court approach; w. men
 And bear my pow'r, and have my coach; w. men
 My fine state-coach! superb to view, w. men
 A fine state-coach, and paid for too! w. men
 To curry favour, and the grace w. men
 Obtain of those who're out of place; w. men
 In the mean time I—that's to say—w. men
 I proper, I myself—here stay. w. men

But hold—perhaps unto the nation,
Who hate the Scots' administration,
To lend my coach may seem to be
Declaring for the ministry,
For where the City-coach is, there
Is the true essence of the May'r : 1455
Therefore (for wise men are intent
Evils at distance to prevent,
Whilst fools the evils first endure,
And then are plagu'd to seek a cure) 1460
No coach—a horse—and free from fear
To make our Deputy appear,
Fast on his back shall he be ty'd,
With two grooms marching by his side ;
Then for a horse—thro' all the land, 1465
To head our solemn City-band,
Can any one so fit be found
As he who, in Artill'ry-ground,
Without a rider, noble fight !
Led on our bravest troops to fight ? 1470

But first, Crape, for my honour's sake,
A tender point, inquiry make
About that horse, if the dispute
Is ended, or is still in suit :
For whilst a cause (observe this plan
Of justice) whether horse or man 1475
The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determin'd out and out,

That pow'r must tyranny appear
Which should, prejudging, interfere; 1480
And weak faint judges overawe
To bias the free course of law.

You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, Crape, you must appear; 1485
Whilst I in privacy sit here;
Here shall great Dulman sit alone,
Making this elbow-chair my throne,
And you, performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did." 1490

Crape heard, and speeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey:
Not without trouble, be assur'd,
A proper proxy was procur'd
To serve such infamous intent; 1495
And such a lord to represent,
Nor could one have been found at all
On t' other side of London Wall.

The trumpet sounds—solemn and slow,
Behold the grand procession go; 1500
All moving on, cat after kind,
As if for motion ne'er design'd.

Constables, whom the laws admit
To keep the peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the second place 1505
By virtue of a silver mace,

Which ev'ry Saturday is drawn,
 For use of Sunday, out of pawn;
 Treasurers, who with empty key
 Secure an empty treasury;
 Churchwardens, who their course pursue
 In the same state, as to their pew;
 Churchwardens of Saint Marg'ret go,
 Since Peirson taught them pride and show,
 Who in short transient pomp appear,
 Like almanacs chang'd ev'ry year;
 Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
 Charity carries the poor's box,
 Not knowing that with private keys
 They ope and shut it when they please;
 Overseers who, by frauds, ensure
 The heavy curses of the poor,
 Unclean came flocking; bulls and bears,
 Like beasts into the ark, by pairs.

Portentous, flaming in the van,
 Stalk'd the Professor Sheridan,
 A man of wire, a mere pantine,
 A downright animal machine:
 He knows alone, in proper mode,
 How to take vengeance on an ode,
 And how to butcher Ammon's son
 And poor Jack Dryden both in one;
 On all occasions next the chair
 He stands for service of the May'r,

And to instruct him how to use 1535
 His A's and B's, and P's and Q's:
 O'er letters, into tatters worn,
 O'er syllables, defac'd and torn,
 O'er words disjointed, and o'er sense,
 Left destitute of all defence, 1540
 He strides, and all the way he goes
 Wades deep in blood o'er Criss-cross-rows:
 Before him ev'ry consonant
 In agonies is seen to pant;
 Behind, in forms not to be known, 1545
 The ghosts of tortur'd vowels groan.

Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace
 And City-favour, came in place:
 No children can their toils engage,
 Their toils are turn'd to rev'rend age; 1550
 When a court-dame, to grace his brows
 Resolv'd, is wed to City-spouse,
 Their aid with Madam's aid must join,
 The awkward dotard to refine,
 And teach, whence truest glory flows, 1555
 Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
 Each bore in hand a kit; and each
 To shew how fit he was to teach
 A Cit, an Alderman, a May'r,
 Led in a string a dancing bear. 1560

Since the revival of Pingal,
 Custom, and custom's all in all,

1535

1540

1545

1550

1555

1560

1565

1570

Commands that we should have regard,
 On all high seasons, to the bard.
 Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue
 Profan'd, should not be said, but sung.
 This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
 The high and mighty Lockman came,
 And, ne'er forgot in Dulman's reign,
 With proper order to maintain
 The uniformity of pride,
 Brought Brother Whitehead by his side.
 On horse who proudly paw'd the ground,
 And cast his fiery eyeballs round,
 Snorting and champing the rude bit,
 As if for warlike purpose fit,
 His high and gen'rous blood disdain'd
 To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,
 Great Dymock, in his glorious station,
 Paraded at the coronation.
 Not so our City Dymock came,
 Heavy, dispirited, and tame;
 No mark of sense, his eyes half clos'd,
 He on a mighty dray-horse doz'd:
 Fate never could a horse provide
 So fit for such a man to ride,
 Nor find a man, with strictest care,
 So fit for such a horse to bear.
 Hung round with instruments of death,
 The sight of him would stop the breath

Of braggart Cowardice, and make
 The very Court Drawcanfir quake;
 With durks which, in the hands of Spite,
 Do their damn'd bus'ness in the night,
 From Scotland sent, but here display'd 1595
 Only to fill up the parade;
 With swords unflesh'd, of maiden hue,
 Which Rage or Valour never drew;
 With blunderbuffes taught to ride
 Like pocket-pistols by his side, 1600
 In girdle stuck, he seem'd to be
 A little moving armory.
 One thing much wanting to complete
 The fight, and make a perfect treat,
 Was, that the horse, (a courtesy 1605
 In horses found of high degree)
 Instead of going forward on,
 All the way backward should have gone.
 Horses, unless they breeding lack,
 Some scruple make to turn their back, 1610
 Tho' riders, which plain truth declares,
 No scruple make of turning theirs.
 Far, far apart from all the rest,
 Fit only for a standing jest,
 The independent, (can you get 1615
 A better suited epithet)
 The independent Amyand came,
 All burning with the sacred flame

Of liberty, which well he knows
 On the great stock of slavery grows. 1620
 Like sparrow who, depriv'd of mate,
 Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
 From spray to spray no more will hop,
 But sits alone on the house-top;
 Or like himself, when all alone 1625
 At Croydon he was heard to groan,
 Lifting both hands in the defence
 Of interest and common sense;
 Both hands, for as no other man
 Adopted and pursu'd his plan, 1630
 The left hand had been lonesome quite,
 If he had not held up the right:
 Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes
 With rapture on a distant prize
 On which, in letters worthy note, 1635
 There twenty thousand pounds was wrote.
 False trap, for credit sapp'd is found
 By getting twenty thousand pound:
 Nay, look not thus on me, and stare,
 Doubting the certainty—to swear 1640
 In such a case I should be loath—
 But Perry Cust may take his oath.
 In plain and decent garb array'd,
 With the prim Quaker Fraud came Trade;
 Connivance, to improve the plan, 1645
 Habited like a juryman,

Judging as interest prevails, 1650
 Came next, with measures, weights, and scales;
 Extortion next, of hellish race,
 A cub most damn'd, to shew his face,
 Forbid by fear; but not by shame,
 Turn'd to a Jew, like ——— came;
 Corruption, Midas-like, behold
 Turning whate'er she touch'd to gold;
 Impotence, led by Lust and Pride, 1655
 Strutting with Ponton by her side;
 Hypocrisy, demure and sad,
 In garments of the priesthood clad,
 So well disguis'd, that you might swear,
 Deceiv'd, a very priest was there; 1660
 Bankruptcy, full of ease and health,
 And wallowing in well-sav'd wealth,
 Came sneering thro' a ruin'd band,
 And bringing B—— in her hand;
 Victory, hanging down her head, 1665
 Was by a Highland stallion led;
 Peace, cloath'd in sables, with a face
 Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,
 Which spake a deep and rooted shame
 Both of herself and of her name, 1670
 Mourning creeps on, and, blushing, feels
 War, grim War, treading on her heels;
 Pale Credit, shaken by the arts
 Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,

Taking no notice of a band 1673
 Which near her were ordain'd to stand,
 Well nigh destroy'd by sickly fit,
 Look'd wistful all around for Pitt:
 Freedom—at that most hallow'd name
 My spirits mount into a flame, 1680
 Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains
 Ev'n to the cracking; thro' my veins
 The tides of life more rapid run,
 And tell me I am Freedom's son!—
 Freedom came next! but scarce was seen,
 When the sky, which appear'd serene 1685
 And gay before, was overcast;
 Horror bestrode a foreign blast,
 And from the prison of the North,
 To Freedom deadly, storms burst forth. 1690

A car like those in which, we're told,
 Our wild forefathers warr'd of old,
 Loaded with death, six horses bear
 Thro' the blank region of the air,
 Too fierce for time or art to tame, 1695
 They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame
 From their wide nostrils; ev'ry steed
 Was of that ancient savage breed
 Which fell Geryon nurs'd; their food
 The flesh of man, their drink his blood. 1700

On the first horses, ill-match'd pair,
 This fat and sleek, that lean and bare,

Came ill-match'd riders side by side,
 And Poverty was yok'd with Bride;
 Union most strange it must appear,
 Till other Unions make it clear.

Next, in the gall of bitterness,
 With rage which words can ill express,
 With unforgiving rage, which springs
 From a false zeal for holy things,
 Wearing such robes as prophets wear,
 False prophets plac'd in Peter's chair,
 On which, in characters of fire,
 Shapes antic, horrible, and dire,
 Inwoven flam'd, where, to the view,
 In groups appear'd a rabble crew
 Of fainted devils; where, all round,
 Vile reliques of vile men were found,
 Who, worse than devils, from the birth
 Perform'd the work of hell on earth,
 Jugglers, Inquisitors, and Popes,
 Pointing at axes, wheels, and ropes,
 And engines, fram'd on horrid plan,
 Which none but the destroyer man
 Could, to promote his selfish views,
 Have heads to make or hearts to use,
 Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,
 In her left hand a crucifix,
 Remembrance of our dying Lord,
 And in her right a two-edg'd sword;

Having her brows, in impious sport,
 Adorn'd with words of high import,
 "On earth peace, amongst men good will,
 Love bearing and forbearing still,"
 All wrote in the hearts' blood of those 1735
 Who rather death than falsehood chose:
 On her breast, (where, in days of yore,
 When God lov'd Jews, the High Priest wore
 Those oracles which were decreed
 T' instruct and guide the chosen seed) 1740
 Having with glory clad and strength,
 The Virgin pictur'd at full length,
 Whilst at her feet, in small portray'd,
 As scarce worth notice, Christ was laid,
 Came Superstition, fierce and fell, 1745
 An imp detested ev'n in hell;
 Her eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
 Foully besmear'd with human gore,
 O'er heaps of mangled saints she rode;
 Fast at her heels Death proudly strode, 1750
 And grimly smil'd, well pleas'd to see
 Such havoc of mortality:
 Close by her side, on mischief bent,
 And urging on each bad intent
 To its full bearing, savage, wild, 1755
 The mother fit of such a child,
 Striving the empire to advance
 Of Sin and Death, came Ignorance.

With looks where dread command was plac'd,
 And sov'reign pow'r by pride disgrac'd, 1760
 Where, loudly witnessing a mind
 Of savage more than human kind,
 Not chusing to be lov'd but fear'd,
 Mocking at right, Misrule appear'd,
 With eyeballs glaring fiery red, 1765
 Enough to strike beholders dead,
 Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood
 Pouring corruption forth and blood
 From his chaf'd jaws : without remorse
 Whipping and spurring on his horse, 1770
 Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,
 Ev'n to the bone were open laid,
 Came Tyranny, disdain'g awe,
 And trampling over sense and law :
 One thing, and only one, he knew, 1775
 One object only would pursue ;
 Tho' less (so low doth passion bring)
 Than man, he would be more than king.

With ev'ry argument and art
 Which might corrupt the head and heart, 1780
 Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
 Companion meet, was Flatt'ry join'd ;
 Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
 Employ'd, whilst it conceal'd a hook ;
 When simple most, most to be fear'd ; 1785
 Most crafty when no craft appear'd ;

His tales no man like him could tell;
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might ev'n a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe,
Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
Those who had cheated been before.
Such Flatt'ry came, in evil hour,
Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,
And, grown by prostitution great,
Would be first minister of state.

Within the chariot, all alone,
High seated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles grac'd, a figure came,
Whom Justice would, but dare not, name.
Hard times when Justice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear
The names of those who dare offend
'Gainst justice, and pervert her end;
But, if the Mufe afford me grace,
Description shall supply the place.

In foreign garments he was clad;
Sage ermine o'er the glossy plaid
Cast rev'rend honour; on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of Art,
In silver wrought, and brighter far
Than heav'nly or than earthly star,
Shone a White Rose, the emblem dear
Of him he ever must revere,

Of that dread lord who, with his host 1815
 Of faithful native rebels lost,
 Like those black spirits doom'd to hell,
 At once from pow'r and virtue fell:
 Around his clouded brows was plac'd
 A Bonnet, most superbly grac'd 1820
 With mighty Thistles, nor forgot
 The sacred motto, "Touch me not."

In the right hand a sword he bore
 Harder than adamant, and more
 Fatal than winds, which from the mouth 1825
 Of the rough North invade the South;
 The reeking blade to view presents
 The blood of helpless innocents,
 And on the hilt, as meek become
 As lambs before the shearers dumb, 1830
 With downcast eye, and solemn show
 Of deep unutterable woe,
 Mourning the time when Freedom reign'd,
 Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd.

In his left hand, in wax impress, 1835
 With bells and gewgaws idly drest,
 An image, cast in baby mould,
 He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold:
 On this he fix'd his eyes; to this,
 Bowing, he gave the loyal kiss, 1840
 And, for rebellion fully ripe,
 Seem'd to desire the antitype.

815 What if to that Pretender's foes
 His greatness, nay, his life, he owes?
 Shall common obligations bind,
 820 And shake his constancy of mind?
 Scorning such weak and petty chains,
 Faithful to James he still remains,
 Tho' he the friend of George appear:
 Diffimulation's virtue here. 1850

Jealous and mean, he with a frown
 Would awe, and keep all merit down,
 Nor would to truth and justice bend,
 Unless outbully'd by his friend:
 Brave with the coward, with the brave
 825 He is himself a coward slave:
 Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
 To take a great and open part:
 Mines in a subtle train he springs,
 And, secret, saps the ears of kings;
 But not ev'n there continues firm
 830 'Gainst th' resistance of a worm:
 Born in a country where the will
 Of one is law to all, he still
 Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
 835 To spread it wherefoe'er he came:
 Freedom he hated, law defy'd,
 The prostitute of pow'r and pride:
 Law he with ease explains away,
 And leads bewilder'd Sense astray; 1870

Much to the credit of his brain
 Puzzles the cause he can't maintain,
 Proceeds on most familiar grounds,
 And where he can't convince confounds :
 Talents of rarest stamp and size,
 To Nature false, he misapplies,
 And turns to poison what was sent
 For purposes of nourishment.

Paleness, not such as on his wings
 The messenger of Sickness brings,
 But such as takes its toward rise
 From conscious baseness, conscious vice,
 O'erspread his cheeks : disdain and pride,
 To upstart fortunes ever ty'd,
 Scowl'd on his brow : within his eye,
 Insidious, lurking like a spy
 To caution principled by fear,
 Not daring open to appear,
 Lodg'd cover'd mischief : passion hung
 On his lip quiv'ring : on his tongue
 Fraud dwelt at large : within his breast
 All that makes villain found a nest ;
 All that, on hell's completest plan,
 E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.

Soon as the car reach'd land he rose,
 And with a look which might have froze
 The heart's best blood, which was enough
 Had hearts been made of sterner stuff.

In cities than elsewhere, to make
 The very stoutest quail and quake,
 He cast his baleful eyes around :
 Fix'd without motion to the ground,
 Fear waiting on surprise, all stood,
 And horror chill'd their curdled blood ;
 No more they thought of pomp ; no more
 (For they had seen his face before)
 Of law they thought ; the cause forgot,
 Whether it was or Ghost or plot,
 Which drew them there : they all stood more
 Like statues than they were before. 1900

What could be done ? Could art, could force,
 Or both, direct a proper course
 To make this savage monster tame,
 Or send him back the way he came ?
 What neither art nor force, nor both,
 Could do, a Lord of foreign growth,
 A Lord to that base wretch ally'd
 In country, not in vice and pride,
 Effected ; from the self-same land,
 (Bad news for our blaspheming band
 Of scribblers, but deserving note) 1910
 The poison came and antidote.
 Abash'd, the monster hung his head,
 And like an empty vision fled ;
 His train, like virgin snows, which run,
 Kiss'd by the burning bawdy sun, 1920

To lovesick streams, dissolv'd in air;
 Joy, who from absence seem'd most fair,
 Came smiling, freed from slavish awe;
 Loyalty, Liberty, and Law,
 Impatient of the galling chain,
 And yoke of pow'r, resum'd their reign;
 And, burning with the glorious flame
 Of public virtue, Mansfield came. 1734

THE AUTHOR.

Accurs'd the man whom Fate ordains, in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write!
What need of letters? wherefore should we spell?
Why write our names? a mark will do as well.

Much are the precious hours of youth mispent
In climbing Learning's rugged steep ascent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns vain monarch o'er a barren spot,
Whilst in the vale of ignorance below
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.

O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules;
For sev'n long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to degrees;
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praise each senior blockhead's threadbare tale,
And laugh till Reason blush, and spirits fail;
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And cap the fool, whose merit is his place;

Vice Chancellors, whose knowledge is but small, 25
And Chancellors who nothing know at all,
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous spirit in those days

When learning was the certain road to praise,
When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd. 30

But now, when Dulness rears aloft her throne,
When lordly vassals her wide empire own;
When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride;
What, now, should tempt us, by false hopes misled, 35
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread,
To bear those labours which our fathers bore,
That crown with-held which they in triumph wore?

When with much pains this boasted learning's got,
'Tis an affront to those who have it not! 40

In some it causes hate, in others fear,
Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.

With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at school;

The elder brother, to vast fortunes born, 45

Looks on all science with an eye of scorn;

Dependent brethren the same features wear,

And younger sons are stupid as the heir;

In senates, at the bar, in church and state,

Genius is vile, and learning out of date. 50

Is this—O death to think! is this the land
Where merit and reward went hand in hand?

Where heroes, parent-like, the poet view'd,
 By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd?
 Where poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
 And by their patrons sanctify'd their praise?
 Is this the land where, on our Spenser's tongue,
 Enamour'd of his voice, Description hung?
 Where Johnson rigid Gravity beguil'd,
 Whilst Reason thro' her critic fences smil'd?
 Where Nature list'ning stood whilst Shakespear'd
 And wonder'd at the work herself had made? [play'd,
 Is this the land where, mindful of her charge
 And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large?
 Where, finding in our laws a sure defence,
 She mock'd at all restraints but those of sense?
 Where, Health and Honour trooping by her side,
 She spread her sacred empire far and wide;
 Pointed the way, Affliction to beguile,
 And bade the face of Sorrow wear a smile;
 Bade those who dare obey the gen'rous call
 Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?
 Is this the land where, in some tyrant's reign,
 When a weak, wicked, ministerial train,
 The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd
 Their country's ruin, and with bribes unmann'd
 Those wretches who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,
 Gave up our liberties, and sold our laws;
 When Pow'r was taught by Meanness where to go,
 Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe;

When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
 To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread,
 Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd,
 And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
 The scourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
 Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;
 Is this the land where, in those worst of times,
 The hardy poet rais'd his honest rhymes
 To dread rebuke, and bade Controlment speak
 In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek; 90
 Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
 And made them fear the Muse who fear'd not law?
 How do I laugh when men of narrow souls,
 Whom folly guides and prejudice controls;
 Who, one dull drowsy track of bus'ness trod, 95
 Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God;
 Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
 Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
 Who, form'd to dulness from their very youth,
 Lies of the day prefer to Gospel-truth; 100
 Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
 And lay out all their stock of faith in news;
 How do I laugh when creatures, form'd like these,
 Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,
 Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime, 105
 And hold not truth as truth if told in rhyme?
 How do I laugh when Publius, hoary grown
 In zeal for Scotland's welfare and his own,

By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
 In mood and figure at the helm to yawn, 110
 Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
 To have a foe, too proud to have a friend;
 Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
 Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
 Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring Muse
 Subjects more equal to her weakness chuse; 115
 Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
 Nor dare to traffic in ambitious strains;
 Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
 In quaint-wrought ode, or sonnet pertly trim, 120
 Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
 Or dance with Mason on the first of May?
 "All sacred is the name and pow'r of kings;
 "All states and statesmen are those mighty things
 "Which, howsoe'er they out of course may roll, 125
 "Were never made for poets to control."
 Peace, peace, thou Dotard! nor thus vilely deem
 Of sacred numbers, and their pow'r blaspheme.
 I tell thee, Wretch! search all creation round,
 In earth, in heav'n, no subject can be found 130
 (Our God alone except) above whose weight
 The poet cannot rise, and hold his state.
 The blessed saints above, in numbers, speak
 The praise of God, tho' there all praise is weak;
 In numbers here below the bard shall teach 135
 Virtue to soar beyond the villain's reach;

Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse throat,
 And raise his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
 Should an afflicted country, aw'd by men
 Of slavish principles, demand his pen. 140
 This is a great, a glorious, point of view,
 Fit for an English poet to pursue,
 Undaunted to pursue, tho', in return,
 His writings by the common hangman burn.

How do I laugh when men, by Fortune plac'd 145
 Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd,
 Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
 And, mean themselves, are of their fathers vain;
 Who would a Bill of Privilege prefer,
 And treat a poet like a creditor, 150
 The gen'rous ardour of the Muse condemn,
 And curse the storm they know must break on them?
 "What, shall a reptile bard, a wretch unknown,
 "Without one badge of merit but his own,
 "Great nobles lash, and lords, like common men, 155
 "Smart from the vengeance of a scribbler's pen?"

What's in this name of Lord, that I should fear
 To bring their vices to the public ear?
 Flows not the honest blood of humble swains
 Quick as the tide which swells a monarch's veins? 160
 Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
 Cannot make virtues in succession flow.
 Wouldst thou, proud Man! be safely plac'd above
 The censure of the Muse, deserve her love:

Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought; 165
 Look back, and, by thy worthy father taught,
 Who earn'd those honours thou wert born to wear,
 Follow his steps, and be his virtue's heir:
 But if, regardless of the road to fame,
 You start aside, and tread the paths of shame; 170
 If such thy life, that should thy fire arise,
 The sight of such a son would blast his eyes,
 Would make him curse the hour which gaveth thee birth,
 Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of earth,
 Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead
 In endless night to hide his rev'rend head; 175
 If such thy life, tho' kings had made thee more
 Than ever king a scoundrel made before;
 Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
 Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a king, 180
 Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
 The Muse should drag thee trembling to the light,
 Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
 To the keen question of the searching air.
 Gods! with what pride I see the titled slave, 185
 Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,
 Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art
 Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
 How do I laugh when, with affected air,
 (Scarce able thro' despite to keep his chair, 190
 Whilst on his trembling lip pale Anger speaks,
 And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)

He talks of Conscience, which good men secures
 From all those evil moments guilt endures,
 And seems to laugh at those who pay regard
 To the wild ravings of a frantic bard!

"Satire, whilst envy and ill-humour sway

"The mind of man, must always make her way;

"Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,

"Is all her malice worth a single thought.

"The wise have not the will, nor fools the pow'r,

"To stop her headstrong course; within the hour,

"Left to herself, she dies; opposing strife

"Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.

"All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,

"I can no patent for exemption claim,

"Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart

"Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart;

"Tho' pointed at myself be Satire free;

"To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me."

Dissembling Wretch! hence to the Stoic school,

And there amongst thy brethren play the fool;

There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain, doctrines preach:

Lives there a man whom Satire cannot reach?

Lives there a man who calmly can stand by,

And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?

When Satire flies abroad on Falsehood's wing,

Short is her life, and impotent her sting;

But when to truth ally'd, the wound she gives

Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.

When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
 And ev'n by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
 Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
 Live in her page, and stink to after-times.

Hast thou no feeling yet? Come, throw off pride,
 And own those passions which thou shalt not hide. 226
 S——, who from the moment of his birth
 Made human nature a reproach on earth,
 Who never dar'd, nor wish'd, behind to stay,
 When Folly, Vice, and Meanness, led the way, 230
 Would blush, should he be told by Truth and Wit
 Those actions which he blush'd not to commit.
 Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
 And those who fear not guilt yet start at shame.

But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force, 235
 Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course
 Carries me back to times when poets, bless'd
 With courage, grac'd the science they profess'd;
 When they, in honour rooted, firmly stood
 The bad to punish, and reward the good; 240
 When, to a flame by public virtue wrought,
 The foes of Freedom they to justice brought,
 And dar'd expose those slaves who dar'd support
 A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court?
 Ah! what are poets now? as slavish those 245
 Who deal in verse as those who deal in prose
 Is there an Author, search the kingdom round,
 In whom true worth and real spirit's found?

The slaves of bookfellers, or (doom'd by Fate
 To baser chains) vile pensioners of state, 250
 Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
 Which Honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud;
 Others, half-palsy'd only, mutes become,
 And what makes Smolett write makes Johnson dumb.

Why turns yon' villain pale? why bends his eye
 Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by? 256
 Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take,
 Who wages war with vice for virtue's sake?
 No, no—like other worldlings, you will find
 He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind : 260
 His soul the shock of int'rest can't endure :
 Give him a pension then, and sin secure.
 With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
 Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn ;
 Bid cowards thrive, put Honesty to flight, 265
 Murphy shall prove, or try to prove, it right.
 Try, thou state-juggler! ev'ry paltry art,
 Ransack the inmost closet of my heart,
 Swear thou'rt my friend; by that base oath make way
 Into my breast, and flatter to betray ; 270
 Or, if those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt
 Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,
 Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,
 And make them take my life who eat my bread.
 On Authors for defence for praise depend, 275
 Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend.

He, he shall ready stand with venal rhymes,
 To varnish guilt, and consecrate thy crimes,
 To make corruption in false colours shine,
 And damn his own good name to rescue thine. 280

But if thy niggard hands their gifts with-hold,
 And Vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
 Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach:
 Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
 What tho' each man of nice and juster thought,
 Shunning his steps, decrees, by honour taught,
 He ne'er can be a friend who stoops so low
 To be the base betrayer of a foe?
 What tho' with thine together link'd, his name
 Must be with thine transmitted down to shame? 290
 To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
 Rather than not blast thine he'll blast his own.

To ope the fountain whence sedition springs,
 To slander government and libel kings;
 With Freedom's name to serve a present hour, 295
 Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r;
 To talk of William with insidious art,
 Whilst a vile Stewart's lurking in his heart,
 And, whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,
 Flatt'ring the living to abuse the dead, 300
 Where is Shebbeare? O! let not foul reproach,
 Travelling thither in a City-coach,
 The pill'ry dare to name: the whole intent
 Of that parade was fame, not punishment;

And that old, staunch Whig, Beardmore, standing by;
Can in full court give that report the lie. 306

With rude unnat'ral jargon to support,
Half Scotch, half English, a declining court;

To make most glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond dispute, that black is white; 310

To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name;

To prove that chains and freedom are but one,
That to be say'd must mean to be undone,

Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call 315
All opposites to proof, and conquer all?

He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren stock:

He, far beyond the springs of Nature led,
Makes women bring forth after they are dead: 320

He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In wedlock's sacred bands joins man to man;

And, to complete the whole, most strange, but true,
By some rare magic makes them fruitful too,

Whilst from their loins, in the due course of years, 325
Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's English Peers!

Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
Something which Nature shudders but to name,

Something which makes the soul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her seat? 330

Dost thou contrive, for some base private end,
Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,

'To lure him on, ev'n to his parting breath,
 And promise life to work him surer death;
 Grown old in villany, and dead to grace,
 Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face,
 Behold! a parson at thy elbow stands,
 Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
 Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward,
 The Atheist chaplain of an Atheist lord.

Bred to the church, and for the gown decreed,
 Ere it was known that I should learn to read;
 Tho' that was nothing, for my friends, who knew
 What mighty Dulness of itself could do,
 Never design'd me for a working priest,
 But hop'd I should have been a Dean at least:
 Condemn'd, (like many more and worthier men,
 To whom I pledge the service of my pen)
 Condemn'd (whilst proud and pamper'd sons of lawn,
 Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
 In pomp of rev'rend begg'ry to appear,
 To pray, and starve on forty pounds a-year.
 My friends, who never felt the galling load,
 Lament that I forsook the packhorse road,
 Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears,
 In throwing off that gown which Francis wears.

What creature's that, so very pert and prim,
 So very full of foppery and whim,
 So gentle, yet so brisk; so wondrous sweet,
 So fit to prattle at a lady's feet,

Who looks as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
 And by his garb appears a man of God?
 Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show;
 The villain lurks beneath the cassock'd beau:
 That's an informer; what avails the name? 365
 Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.

His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,
 Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
 No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
 And fear alone restrains his coward mind; 370
 Free him from that, no monster is so fell,
 Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in hell.
 His filken smiles, his hypocritic air,
 His meek demeanour, plausible and fair,
 Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way, 375
 And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey.
 Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—
 The preacher is a Christian, dull, but true;
 But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
 That plan of doctrine's never thought of more; 380
 Christ is laid by neglected on the shelf,
 And the vile priest is Gospel to himself.
 By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
 (Blacow, whom, by a brave resentment led,
 Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame, 385
 Ere this had damn'd to everlasting shame)
 Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes;
 To virtue lost, to vice alone he wakes,

Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
And whilst he rails at blasphemy blasphemes. 395

Are these the arts which policy supplies?

Are these the steps by which grave churchmen rise?

Forbid it, Heav'n! or, should it turn out so,

Let me and mine continue mean and low.

Such be their arts whom interest controls; 395

Kidgell and I have free and honest souls:

We scorn preferment which is gain'd by sin,

And will, tho' poor without, have peace within. 398

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